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Publisher, KEN G. MERRAT • Editor-in-Chief, FRANK E. GORDON • General
Manager, FRED T. SMITH • Cartoon Editor, ALBERT A. MERRAT • Art Director,
MARRICK DORE • Production Editor, RICHARD E. MERRAT • Business Manager, WALTER
T. CHAMBERLAIN • Treasurer, JOHN W. MERRAT • Circulation, DOUGLAS W. MERRAT

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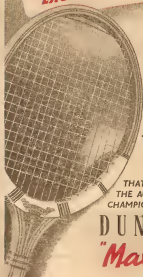
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Artificial insemination brought problems into this home, but the problems were solved.

ANONYMOUS

MY TEST-TUBE DAUGHTER

My daughter is eight years old. Only five people know that my husband is not her father. They are my husband, my parents, a New York doctor and myself. I was artificially inseminated in New York in 1938.

I am an Australian by birth, but while I was a child I went with my parents to live in America. We all returned to Australia after the war.

My husband and I met in Los Angeles in 1938, and we were married soon after, going then to New York. We both wanted a child, but as the years went by and there was no sign of a baby, I tried to hide my disappointment. Then on our ninth anniversary, I talked to my husband about it. We decided that I should go to a gynecologist and see if there was any physical reason why I had not had a child.

The doctor examined me thoroughly, putting me through X-ray and laboratory tests. He said that I was quite healthy and that I should be able to conceive in the normal way. He suggested, however, that he examine my husband.

Frank was agreeable and visited the doctor next day. The doctor told him quite plainly that he could never become a father.

It was a shock to us both. I was waiting for my husband to tell the reception room, and when the examination was over, the doctor called me in.

He was kind. He said if we really wanted children we should have them. There were two courses open to us. One was legal adoption.

"And the other?" my husband asked.

The doctor looked at us

We had read in the newspapers that American doctors were surgically un-sterilizing women. I did not think the experimental stages had been passed.

"I have treated several patients successfully," the doctor told us. "Of course, there is no certainty of pregnancy. But of seven women to whom I gave injections, three have already had a child and two others are pregnant."

Frank shifted uneasily in his chair.
"Would we know who the father
was?"

"Ma" said the doctor. "The donor is known only to me. He signs an affidavit relinquishing any claim on a resulting child, and he is not told who is to be the mother or the father."

"Would the child be legitimate?"
I asked.

The doctor hesitated.

"There has so far been no court decision on that point," he said. "Eventually I think a test-tube baby will be declared legitimate. But I should warn you that opinion is divided on the morality question. The churches are against it. If you are in doubt yourselves, I would suggest you adopt a child."

"An adopted child would have no blood tie at all," my husband said thoughtfully, "but a test-tube baby would be half ours."

"Exactly." The doctor nodded his head. "And great care is taken in choosing donors. We check their medical history and family background, and we try to find a donor who is similar to the husband in appearance and temperament."

"I think we should go home and discuss it," I said doubtfully.

Frank agreed.

It wasn't easy to come to a decision. We talked about it for several weeks, trying to look at it from every angle. Then we went to tell the doctor we had decided to have a non-fake baby.

"It may take time," the doctor said. "I become pregnant in the third month after I began receiving regular injections."

Then I started to worry. My husband

herd might resent the child when it was born because it was not his. For this reason there would be some abnormality about it because of the method by which it was conceived. The doctor assured me that the child's chances of being born with any defect were the same as any normally born child.

My daughter was born three days after the date the doctor had set as probable. She was a beautifully formed baby with dark hair like mine and blue eyes very much like my husband's. I was so happy to see my first child. And when I saw Fred's face the morning he tipped into my hospital room to see us both together for the first time I had no fears about his suspecting the child from whom every beginning he treasured had sprung from his own. He was always willing to let me know when I went out of the house, and he never took the child from her car bottle, and didn't seem getting up to go to her at night when she cried.

No family would have been happier than ours after our little girl was born. My husband and I never returned to the fact, even to such others as she was not the daughter of my husband.

Then three years ago, the cold hand
of fear was laid on my heart.

I had told my parents about the abortions before I was even pregnant. I wanted them to know. They had more professions than we had. They argued against it, but when they saw our minds were made up, they gave in. They have been all that grandparents could be to my daughter.

Just after Baby's fifth birthday my mother said to me:
"Will you tell her when she grows up that Frank is not her father?"
I stood still and stared at her. My heart pounded. It was something I had never given a thought

That night I told Frank what Mother had said. I could see he had not thought about it either. He sat on the edge of the bed and looked at me.

"I don't know," I said again. "I

don't want to, but perhaps it would be better. After all if she were adopted, we would tell her."

"That's true," my husband said. I worried about it. If we waited until she was sixteen and told her then, how would she take it? I might horrify her. The knowledge might turn her against me, and she would hate me, her mother.

He remembered me and greeted me warmly. I told him why I was troubled.

"Of course, it entirely depends on your husband and yourself," he says. "But I don't think it is necessary to tell your daughter that your husband is not her real father. She is more likely to hear it from anyone else."

"The only real danger that we

...with these children as the donor of artificial insemination gave the doctor word on "the possibility of two offspring of the same donor marrying. But in the case of your daughter, I am sure there is a chance at all."

It was reassuring. My husband and I decided that, unless anything should occur to alter our opinion, we should let our daughter think she is the child of our union.

In only a count sweeter the N

York Supreme Court has ruled that all children born after artificial insemination by a donor other than the husband are to be considered legitimate. This clears my doubt in our minds regarding our daughter's legal rights.

I am happy to know that in Australia, wives of husbands with whom they have physical incompatibility but who are able to father children are being given the opportunity to bear more of the opportunity to bear children. These babies are also legitimate under British law. I hope

that before long waves of sterile husbands will be given the same opportunity. A healthy wife should not be concerned from child-bearing.

is often difficult to hold a marriage together. If a married couple do not wish to adopt any one else's child, it does seem that test-tube baby, which is the offspring of the wife, is the answer to the problem.



TELL-TALE Tattoos



ANTHONY STRONG

When Jack Tar takes his head from Luke and gives it to Mike his tattoo-marks have to correspond.

MR. CECIL EDWARD LAMBERT, native of London, is in trouble you see, during a sentimental moment while on a service in India, he had engraved on his arm the picture of a girl. This act in itself was no more than an error in judgment, but complications arose when, with the last shot fired, he returned home to encounter a far more personal war—he had not only married the girl, but in doing so had departed from the principle of anonymity.

And what with, we submit, would outbreak about being confronted with evidence of his spouse's fall from grace such time he returned his port?

The episode of the affair was that the original Mr. Lambert hailed Cecil to court, alleging that he had assaulted her; and the magistrate with 300-pounds' worth of adjourned the case for 1 month. In order that Lambert might have the picture obliterated.

Lambert's predicament proves once again that tattooing, like marriage, can be an even underbitten in hue and reported at leisure—a philosophy condoned by a tattoo artist in an

Australian capital city, who asserts that in these trying days of peace most of his income has its source in the subject's anxiety to remove traces of an earlier indiscretion.

"I've got a pretty good memory for faces," he says, "and many's the fresh-faced boy I've had come in to have, say, 'Joan' tattooed on his arm, and who, a few years later, has come in again to have it removed. What can I do? I can't remove the tattoo, but I can obliterate it with a prick of needles and it makes it any better. I can tattoo the new lady's name beneath the monstrosity.

"Another job of repair work I've asked to do it to put a New Look—and a more respectable one—on the picture of a wife. Mostly, I give the made a full set of clothes, but now and then a man is satisfied if I only put on a pair of suspenders.

Believe, of course, are my best customers, and I'd warn any girl not to trust a fellow whose arm looks like a Flower Festival, because the chances are that the flora is hiding the names of maybe half a dozen previous loves."

The tattoo artist, in spite of his warning, never attempts to persuade anyone not to have his arms engraved, pointing out fairly enough that such an action would be bad for business; nor does he influence customers in their choice of design. You may choose from about 100 designs, ranging from a ship in full sail to the simplest of hearts bearing the inscription "Mother."

"Most of the customers who ask for the 'Mother' design are kids of about 18. Later, if they keep on liking customers, they ask for pictures that would make Mother blush. That, I suppose, is life in miniature. You get to know a lot about people in my business—evolution, and things like that."

The "Mother" design cost 15/-, but if you want a sailing ship that will move when you swing your hammock, you'll leave the ship 25 lighter than you entered it. The first will occupy only five minutes of the tattoo artist's time, but not two hours' idle for the ship. The tattooist works quickly and apparently roughly, but apart from an early flush or two, the subject submits to the operation quietly.

One of the peculiarities of most designs is that they belong to the last century.

"That is because tattooing is dying out. Take me, now—I'm getting on 40, and I got most of the designs from the men I worked for. I've asked a few of my own, but not for years. There's very much of my women have like sails or short hair. But nobody seems to care," says the tattoo man.

Like a true artist, however, he keeps abreast with modern trends in his craft. He'd like, for instance, to switch to electric needles, and peddle out a magazine article showing details of the newest and best electric tattoo machine.

Warily, he said:

"There, look—it takes eight needles at once, and punctures the skin one thirty-second of an inch and makes 1000 punctures a minute. It's not just used for ordinary tattooing either—the man who built it is sometimes called in to finish off a plasma surgery job, like getting ripples on the breast of a rain boat in an accident or during the war."

The tattooist has a sense of humor, one of his designs, supposedly created for men of the sea, has two propellers underneath being inscribed the admonition, "Keep Clear." Then, he says, you get his own idea—he has based it on the chest of an American sailor who came to him during the war years for additional artwork. It is now a stock design in his repertoire.

Did he find the art of tattooing a monotonous job?

"Why should I? I may be getting the most old pictures on people—but the people are all different. I've even had women come in and ask me to give them engraved hearts on their arms with initials underneath. You think women are the common species? One day, a woman came here with her leg-band and they had another design tattooed on their arm. Within a month, she came back by herself to have the initials covered with rosebuds—and within another month, she was back with a new fellow, asking for new initials. Of course, I did them. That's my business."

But, nevertheless, every respectable tattoo artist must be his own censor. If a bad customer is to have a sailing ship tattooed on his arm, or even on his back, that's okay by me, and I won't try to talk him out of it. But sometimes a fellow or a girl—or both—come in to ask me to engrave something that is outright obscene.

"What makes them ask? I couldn't tell you, except maybe that's the way these glands work. You'd be shocked if I told you what some people have asked me for—and be just as shocked if I told you what I've said to them."

"Sometimes, when a fellow has had a drink or two too many, I tell him I'm busy, and to come back tomorrow. Most of them never do. I remember once a young man came in and asked me to tattoo the picture of his favorite film star on his arm. I did. He was like you, on his mouth or two, to ask me to take it off—the film star had married someone else. I suppose he thought she'd been unfaithful to him. I refused him to get a bunch of roses over the name—as that told him twice before he got himself engaged to another film star. That's one of the peculiarities of some of my customers, getting the names of

"If I were a man given to phrases, instead of the other way round, I'd call this a cool test. Now that I've thought about it, I will call it a cool test. I Bob (Pynker's) told Hope consented to write about Crosby as Hope sees him, as Hope knows him, as Hope comes back through one 'Bad' picture after another, I'm going back to the beginning. I and old Tattered Tattletale were together six years before the first Road picture at the Capitol Theatre in New York. He was an up-and-coming chump on the cinema circuit. I of course was already famous, my wit the talk of Broadway. I photographed the latter during that season. 'Bugs Crosby and Bob Hope,' it said, 'just as it does in this very day.'

—From Photoplay, the world's best motion picture magazine

well-known streets tattoo'd as their arms. It must be a frustration complex or something."

He posed for a moment, and went on.

"To tell you something. You ask me if my job's mysterious—well, it's not unusual for a detective to sleep in here to ask me if I can remember tattooed such-and-such a design on someone. Why? Because some poor cove has been beaten up, and all he can remember about the fellow who did it is that he had a sinister design on his forearm.

"Having a tattoo on his arm doesn't make a man a criminal but there's more than one man out of the Bay who's every bit as evil now as a tattoo artist. The trouble is, once a man's laid his arm or body tattoo'd, and he's got a police record, the marking goes into his record. A non-criminal can have a mark covered with varnish—but it's criminal law if done, he's still got an identifying mark on him.

"What's more, tattoo artists in different countries use designs that are kind of identical to those countries—and that helps the police a lot, especially if they suspect that a man concerned with a 'job' is a foreigner."

He took from a drawer an old newspaper, and fumbled among the pages until he found what he wanted. He

pointed out the news item with a pointed thumb.

It was to the effect that a man serving a six-months' prison sentence had escaped from a hospital where he was undergoing treatment. Among other descriptive details, it was mentioned that the escapee had a woman tattoo'd on his right upper arm, and a heart on the left arm.

"That fella hasn't got a chance," said the tattoo man. "Not that anyone has much chance of beating the police, after he's broken jail. But this fella—well, I bet he's back in jail within a week."

He was, incidentally, right. The escapee was back in prison the following day. He had, however, returned at his own free will.

"Look," went on the tattoo artist, "suppose you are an engineer. You've passed, been on your job—so long that one day, maybe when you've had a few drinks, you decide to have, say a monkey wrench engraved on your arm.

"That's okay, and I'm all for it. But you get into trouble, went away—and the petty cash box is handy. When you leave the place that night, so damn the boss. That's the start—within a year or so, you've stopped being petty cash boss and go for opening sides. Then you're picked up

"The police have you taped now. They've got details of you from head to toe, including the fact that you've got a monkey wrench engraved on your arm."

"After you've served your stretch, you go back to the old business of milk-breaking until things get too hot, and you've got to go into another. You're broke, and you've got to take a job. Where? In an engraver's shop, of course."

"And that's where the police will come looking for you. Yes . . . the police love an tattoo artist."

He mentioned, also, how important a part tattooing played in a sensational case a few years back, when the victim of a murder was identified by a design on his arm—the only part of the body to be found. Then he asked if I had ever heard of a Frenchman named Dupret—a gentleman, it seemed, who was much given to murder and other criminal activities. When he was finally brought to justice, Dupret proved that he had a large scar of burnings, for when he was tortured, the gentlemen found around his neck a tattoo'd line, and the simple

though prophetic words "To cover the head, cut along this line." Such grim humor at once is the experience of the oldest tattooists.

My tattooed friend had obviously made a deep study of his craft. He knew it all but the knowledge made him sad, for he realized that his art was of a bygone year. These days, he said, there was a tattoo artist on practically every seaside corner. Now, if you ought to have a bit of something engraved on your arm, you had to search the city.

It was on that note that I left him, except that as I reached the door, he said:

"Don't forget that if you're thinking of committing a crime, either, you'll be sure to stay away from my needles."

It was a good tip. Then, to prove the truth of the saying about doctors not taking their own medicine, he pulled up his sleeve.

His arm was covered from elbow to wrist with tattoo marks. As he said, even a tattooist has to start somewhere but not somewhere . . .





BAD MOMENTS WITH BEARS

It's quiet in the woods — and then this big grizzly comes along.

I MET my first grizzly one hot summer day when I was taking a load of gear into one of our six cabins. Four pack dogs were my means of transportation, the stuff, and because that kind of weather is tough on dogs I decided to give them a rest. Sitting down on a convenient log, I started to fill my pipe. I don't know what made me look up, but look up I did. After I'd raised my eyes, the next thing that passed was the bear on top of my head. Less than 30 yards away, looking straight towards me, was a big grizzly.

By the time I got my throat muscles operating he was only 25 yards away. My first shout was a very poor effort, a sort of combined grunt, rasp and gasp. However, it had the desired effect. The bear stopped in his tracks and his surprise was just as great as mine. For a minute we took each other in, neither of us making a move. The bear had curiously stared all over his face. After gazing at me another minute or two he cut at night

scudges to his animal course, then cut back and ran in the same direction he was heading when I first saw the animal.

John Fendrick was the fire-ranger that summer, and he and I were fighting a fire on the Sismoreville. After three days of being on deer meat and as men in sight, we decided to go back for the horses—we'd come the last 10 with pack dogs—and bring in more supplies.

The next afternoon we struck back for the Sismoreville. The trail we had on horses, and John went ahead to see if he could find easier going. That night he came back to camp about a half-hour after dark, and for a long while he was quiet. Then,

"Did you ever have a feeling that you were being followed?"

That was an odd question to come from him, and I asked what he thought it up.

"Well," he said, "I had that feeling all the way back, but I never saw a thing."

The next morning, on good ahead, we found where a big grizzly had followed John closely for more than a mile, some instinct must have been working overtime to warn him of danger. We got back to the fire, put it under control, and because John had to report to him the fact of the animal we spent little time looking. On the way out, about two miles above the 30 cabin, a deer dashed ahead of us. John got off his horse and continued, sending his middle man. We came to the river bank, and John motioned me to come up. I got off my horse, walked past the pack animals, and stopped beside him.

An old mother grizzly and three cubs were on a bar across the river. As we watched they all headed into the water, two cubs in the lead, while the mother and the third cub followed. We did not want to let any of the bears, but decided to try a shot and see if we could scare them back to the other side.

John shot. The old bear looked one way and seemed to take everything in at a glance. She raised out of the water, placed a paw on each of the two cubs ahead of her, and pushed. The water was at least six feet deep, but I'd bet those little Sismore horses heard all the noise on the bottom. They came up splashing and growling, so the mother bear gave them another dose. Believe me, the next time they surfaced they were gone.

The whole outfit went slogging down the middle of the river, and slogging into a soft bank on the other side. The two best cubs slithered out on the bank with the mother right behind them, and though they seemed to have some intention of stopping to shake themselves dry, she couldn't see it that way. She was growling and suddenly she headed off and snatched them. Take it from me, there is a big difference between a grizzly's snarl and a cub's bark. Those cubs had about 10 feet up on the river bank and no more questions asked. They hit the top and scrambled out of sight. When they were safe, still growling, the old bear headed for us. It was one of those moments you always expect but rarely get.

There wasn't the slightest doubt about the animal's intention, and there's a lot of things I'd rather do than take a working-over from a grizzly. John hit her three times in the chest before she got into swimming water and except that she hit at each bullet as it struck, she absorbed those three 300 bullets like so many hot lumps. After she kept right on swimming, John reached into his pocket and suddenly tossed to me:

"Blame! I've got only one cartridge left! The rest are in the pack here!"

I broke all standing orders getting back to the horses and snatching no rifle out of its scabbard. When I got back, there was no bear in sight, and the John was looking intently down the river. He and the bear had gone in behind some willows about 25 yards below us. We snared our way along the bank until we could see him, half in and half out of the water. She was alone, dead; still she had swum 10 yards across a river after being hit hard three times.

Even the friendly black bear will become ferocious when her cubs are shot. I remember once a friend and I had been fishing in the bush country and decided to take a swim. Our nature started a pair of playful bear cubs enjoying a lull with my shirt, and their angry mother leaped to their defense. For a moment it looked as if she would attack. But fortunately for us, the strongly charged bear mind, usually directed the little fellows, and immobilized them all.

A grizzly gave me a bad few minutes one time when I was packing. Louis McLeod had come up to the 30 cabin to pick blueberries with Alex and me. We started for the best patch, about three miles down the trail.

Presently Louis said I heard a "collection" from Alex. The outfit stopped. We swigged, to see what was what was going on, and at first I thought a moose was causing the trail. Then it stood up, and my "moose" turned out to be a big grizzly with three cubs.

Under any other circumstances it would have been a wonderful sight, one cub was in the exact pose of its mother and the other two were just looking at us. Then the old bear

dropped to the ground, leaped a few paces in our direction, and stood up to inspect us again. I had the rifle and it seemed as though it was up to me to hold the fort—a position over which I could work up very little enthusiasm.

I owned another 32 Speedol with which I could beat a 30-cent piece at 32 yards. The bear, less than 30 yards away and standing straight up, presented one of the most perfect shots I've ever seen, and if I'd had my other gun the fireworks would have been over in short order. I didn't have it. Wretched thinking was not going to get us anywhere. I leaped a shell into the chamber, and was just raising the gun when she stopped for that second look. Curiously we waited all over her face, and looking there wasn't a single wince, or anything else on the part of her outfit, to excite her. Suddenly realized that we meant no harm, she dropped to the ground, turned at right angles to the trail, and leaped away with her cub.

I've never had any proof that a grizzly can be killed with a 32 rifle, but once I thought I might would have to prove whether or not it could be done. Alex and I, and our dog, Sport, had left No. 3 cabin and were on our way to No. 5. One of my boots was pinched, and I wanted to ease it up a bit, so stopped to look for a place to sit down. Sport, who was grinning a little face and didn't seem to mind, condescended down the trail. I heard him barking, but figured he had found a deer or mouse, so without even looking up I shouted at him. Just as I was about to all down on a convenient vine, Alex shouted "Best! It's a grizzly!" The wince was charged with excitement.

She was, I threw to say, 100 per cent right. The trail showed it this part. Maybe a hundred and fifty feet down Sport stood with his feet braced, barking at a grizzly. The grizzly had his own ideas about dogs and was heading for Sport.

There is quite a leap in the trail right there and, though Sport followed the trail, the grizzly cut across. So doing he came straight in a line—leaps towards us, but kept his steps too riveted on the dog. I was yell-

ing at the top of my lungs, but at the bear heard he gave no evidence of it. I hoped, by this time, that Alex knew some prayers and was saying them, my ammunition consisted of one 32 rifle loaded with super-speed bullets. A man in a situation like that will do some thinking, and I thought that I'd wait for the grizzly to come within five or six feet, throw my hat in his face, and pray that he'd stand so his hind legs with his mouth open. Then I'd try to shoot him in the back of the throat.

Obviously the bear intended to catch the dog, and his present purpose was to head it off. He accompanied that little feat by hurrying out on the trail within five yards of us. There he sat, Alex and I on the one side of him and Sport on the other. There is no way of telling what an animal will do. That bear had every reason to consider himself in a corner from which he would have to fight his way instead he just sat, looking front the dog to us. All the time I was telling him what I thought—some of which was complimentary—on a lead voice. Suddenly he folded his hind paws under his chin and dived out of there as fast as the dirt flew. Why? I don't know.

Alex was trying to talk but, though his mouth was working, no sound was coming out. I had to hush, whereas Alex got mad and said that a few things about dogs stung there in the face. I suppose the real moral of this story is never to laugh at your wife after she's been frightened by a grizzly.

I've been scared clear off a trip-line by nothing more than a truck. A bunch of men had been making a log of hills in the country between the Breckenridge cabin and Breckenridge Creek. I think the bear was hanging around there to clean up what the wolves left, and there were plenty of bears. That was a very bad outlook indeed for us.

I didn't like the look of things the first time I went down that way, one grizzly is bad enough, but when you go mountain around with a dozen, well, you've really got something. I set my traps anyway, and on the second trip

over the line stayed, as usual, at the Breckenridge cabin. The dogs barked all night, and two or three times when I went out I could hear some heavy animal moving in the brush. I thought it was a mouse, but couldn't figure why a mouse should risk around when the dogs were running wild.

My second trip into Breckenridge Creek I discovered where a mouse-trap grizzly—he had the biggest tracks I ever saw—had followed me practically all the way when I was in there before. Suddenly it dawned on me that it was this huge grizzly, and not a mouse, that had been hanging around the cabin all night.

I don't know why a grizzly follows a man, but think that, once known out of him, they're simply curious.

Loose McHenry's cabin was on the River River. Being on the river bank, it was necessary to haul down a rope or so. Loose used a team to make wood out on to the bank then loaded it on to a wagon and he hauled it home. One day, when he was making wood out of the brush, his horse started setting up. Hepping up to dismount back down his sled track, Loose was surprised to see a big grizzly snubbing steadily towards him.

Loose was a little nervous in that kind of company, so kept glancing at the bear. The bear kept glancing back. He followed Loose to the wagon and watched him load. The

next day the same thing happened, as soon as Loose started making a load of wood down the sled track the bear dropped in behind and became a very interested spectator of everything. Loose was sort of interested himself that second day, and spoke to the bear in a conversational tone. The bear cocked his head to one side, exactly like a big dog trying to figure out what his master wanted to get across.

Loose had a real scare later on. Close to Jackson Lake the old Grizzly Prairie trail followed a ridge. Accompanied by three dogs, who were sniffing the brush at the edge of the trail, Loose was snuffing unconcernedly along. Suddenly a dog went by on each side of him, and a split second later the third one went behind his legs. That dog snarled a peck and Loose went over backward. Just about the time he had-—down on the ground a monstrous grizzly, jumped straight over him.

Loose says the next thing he remembers clearly was running like fury for the cabin. The only question he could drop out was that the bear had fallen into one of those short-minded lapses which seem so characteristic of bears. Coming out of the dense spruce which lined the road, the bear was practically on top of Loose as the dog-bodies any of them reached it. Instead of turning to run, the bear just kept going and had to jump over Loose.



Girls in their teens were the great courtesans and wondrous of history.



DAMON MILLS

MIGHTY MOPPETS

THE man who ruled the world was accustomed to receiving gifts, sent out in a rather hasty and disinterested way while these spectacular goddesses were paraded before him daily.

The Caesar of Rome expected gifts and when Apollodorus brought in a big pile of rich, hand-woven Syrian rugs, the great ruler and soldier had no reason to be particularly interested.

Apollodorus unwrapped the rug—and from them stepped the newly robed figure of a glorious young woman, firm-bodied, with flashing eyes, beautiful, desirable, and entirely at the disposal of the Roman ruler.

His interest in her beauty was in no way decreased when he learned that she was no slave-girl given by some foreign prince; that she was a Queen, raised herself by her own Royal will, and Caesar accepted the

gift. She was "the fairest and wildest girl of all the earth," in very short terms Caesar was her slave.

Cleopatra did have herself wrapped in rags and delivered in her most attractive manner to Caesar's presence because she wanted either a lover or an adviser.

She was left at joint-hair to the throne of Egypt when she was seventeen, but she was robbed of her share in the rich inheritance. She needed a very strong backing if she was ever to be queen—and she had every intention of reaching the throne.

Her surrender to Caesar was the first step far with the ruler of the world in her lover she was in a fairly strong position. The end of the story is in sight—she was in turn Caesar's lover and his brother's mistress, and the mother of Caesar's son, she became Queen of Egypt, mother of three sons of Mark An-

thony—one of the women who changed the course of history, and did it at seventeen.

Her age is the point of the story—her age, and the cunning and unscrupulous daring she showed at that age.

The victory of youth of full-blood, her unscrupulous aggressiveness—that is why Cleopatra could make a deal of Caesar at a time when kings could not defeat him in arms nor ambassadors in diplomacy.

There would be few to say that Joan of Arc, the sacred-hearted maid of Orleans, did not have a greater influence upon the course of history than any other woman known to the world.

Most people, if questioned about her age during the momentous events in which she took part, would be very busy about it. The downward, astounding facts are that she led her French army to its first great victory against the English at the same age at which Cleopatra conquered Caesar and was named at the stake when she was only seventeen.

Around the modern woman beauty has been perpetuated as course by great artists of history name perhaps with the exception of the old Greek beauties, has colored more face than Cleopatra, Dante Rossetti's wife and model, Elizabeth.

Before she was twenty—she had been uncontrolled by all the members of the Tri-Brotherhood household, becoming the model for each masterpiece in Her's "Belshazzar's Feast," "The Virgin," "The Madonna," and Rossetti's own famous "Woman Resting."

Youth—particularly because youth—seems unaccountably bound up with the great love stories of history. We know that Juliet, partner with Romeo in the greatest love story known, was but fourteen years at her death, wound by the romantic son of Montague. We know, too, in the famous and more love affair of Paolo and Francesca—that although not in love of her exact age—Francesca when she first met her destined lover had just reached a marriageable age, and that in the medieval period in which she lived would mean she

would, at the most, be midway through her teens.

Even the women of history's notoriety did not have to wait far maturity before beginning to exhibit their powers. When Cleopatra had herself secured in a carpet and walked before the immediately admiring eyes of Julius Caesar she was but in her early teens. Meanwhile, most important women of all history, was only sixteen years of age when her beauty enabled her to conquer the heart of Cleopatra. She spent the Roman empire over whom from the very first years of their married life, she exerted an art and complete dominion.

The two famous mistresses of Louis the Fifteenth of France—Madame de Pompadour and Madame du Barry—were little more than girls when they began to wield such extraordinary power over the French monarch, and their influence set the extravagant course towards revolution.

To have these particular women and their inordinate desires and to end upon a state of beauty, mention may be made of the famous *Amazons*, to whom was such the most important movement ever devoted to the beauty and honor of women.

That, of course, is the famous *Tabi* Mahal at Agra, the most elaborate and magnificent monument ever erected to a human being. The diamond and jewel studded was hundred and ten foot high edifice, which employed the architectural genius of not only native craftsmen but also the most famous European artists of their day, is estimated to have cost three million pounds to erect and to have employed the services of twenty thousand workmen over a period of sixteen years.

These facts, however, are only subsidiary to the main one—that the magnificent work stands as a perpetual tribute to the beauty, beauty and fidelity of upright womanhood.

Assuredly, in whom this stupendous edifice was dedicated, was but thirteen years of age when she captivated the heart of and married the prince who later built this matchless shrine to her memory.

Passing Sentences

Highbrows are people who have been educated beyond their intelligence
Stigma of the modern man: If at first you don't succeed, try a little harder

This is the final test of a gentleman: his respect for those who can be of no possible service to him.

Some men have thousands of reasons why they cannot do something when all they need is one reason why they can.

My husband and I are closer together than we've been for years. He's gained ten pounds and I've lost ten.

A lady is a woman who makes it easy for a man to be a gentleman.

When a man is on his knees proposing to a girl, he might as well say his prayers at the same time.

Mother Nature is quite a gal, but she can't go from winter to summer without a spring, or from summer to winter without a fall.

The very most fishermen catch fish is by the tale

Try praising your wife, even if it frightens her at first.

In some states it is a crime for a wife to renege her husband's pocket. In my state it is merely a waste of time.

Optimist: One who says, "Please pass the cream." Pessimist: One who says, "Is there any milk left?"

An economist plans what to do with money that isn't his.

At least the person with the one-track mind usually knows where she's going.

Smile. The whisper of a laugh

A widow is a woman who no longer finds fault with her husband

★ On the seashore anyone can smile, says
Barbara Bates, lovely Warner Bros. player





The POUND NOTE OF DOOM

Four survivors passed out the level patch of bushland.

From a distant, isolated farmhouse, officers in the lonely Jandera area watched them.

The survivors didn't seem to notice they were being watched. While they walked, they were watching themselves—taking in everything they could see, then looking upon ever moving, pointing from under their wide hat brims.

In the lonely and isolated Jandera district, far from Sydney, far from younger Melbourne, too, it was strange to see settlers, or survivors. Occasional gold diggers, policeman, bushmen—most wild animals.

When night fell the four survivors made camp. They never saw daylight. They never even saw who shot them. One of them lay on his back, sightless eyes staring at the treetops. On his chest was pinned a one-pound note.

The survivors were special police, volunteers who answered Sir Henry Parker's appeal for men to end the massacre in the north. The massacre of bushmen. "The bushmen are being killed everywhere, be careful," he warned.

The survivors were not careful enough.

Nor were the bushmen. Tom and Johnnie Clarke and their gang found out the truth about the survivors, killed them as they had killed others to avoid the searching police. But Intimidation has its limits. The darkest one-pound note on the dead man's chest

started a cry that no fear would break.

It was constable Walsh, started by blacktracker Withers, who got the hot lead. He had a head of volunteers with him, and followed the path of dangerous duty. It led him to a clearing on a mountain top. In the middle of the clearing was a hut. Near it were hares. Snails came from a lighted fire.

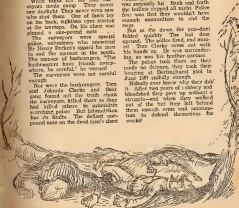
Bullets came from the hut in the late afternoon. Withers and his party went to ground and returned the fire. They were then to face with the dangerous colonists and darkness fell.

This was due to be a long and gay battle. Walsh was badly wounded. Black tracker Withers was seriously hit. Back and forth the bullets dropped all night. Police fear was that they wouldn't have enough ammunition to end the fight.

But in the dawn the sun-dial folded quickly. The hot door opened, the police fired, and aimed. Tom Clarke came out with his hands up. He was surrendering, so was his brother-in-law.

The police took them to their made no mistake, they took them home to Darlinghurst goal in June 1881 sickly enough.

Nobody ever knew why they did it. After two years of misery and bloodshed they gave up without a struggle—and when they walked out of the hut they left behind them enough arms and ammunition to defend themselves for weeks!





FACTS

ABOUT MENTAL ILLNESS

Something you ought to know about the weak link in somebody's family.

THERE'S a colorful story about a man who was chained up, but such was the strength of his mind that he mapped the globe that held him. The people who had chained him up were so frightened of him that they drove him out into the bush, and he lived in caves in the bush.

It is a New Testament story, and it serves to show: (a) how long insanity has been one of the curses of the human race; (b) how people who thought they were men have been misunderstood; and have, as a result, been frustrated of it, and (c) how little progress we have made in 2000 years in this direction.

After all, what is the difference between driving a madman out into the bush to live in a cave, and driving him into a cell to live in an asylum?

Only in the past few years have the first steps in proper treatment of insanity been taken. In the meantime, people wonder whether they themselves are likely to suffer any

breakdown of the mind, or whether any of their family may do so.

They don't quite know the difference between "normal" behaviour, a temporary aberration, and permanent madness. They don't know what kinds of insanity can be cured and what kinds cannot. Nor do they realize, very often, that the question of insanity affects almost the fate of their property, since the Lunacy Laws come into force in holding or disposing of a madman's possessions under the administration of the Master in Lunacy.

Some curious complications are possible where a man is judged insane and is later found to be sane, complications both in relation to his property, his domestic relationships, and his own life.

It is for these reasons that almost everybody will welcome some, or, at least, some of the points, and it is for this reason that some of the most important questions are answered here.

It is perhaps as well to stress from the start that mental illness is no new thing—only the classification of mental diseases, and an attempt to understand their cause and cure, are new steps.

A lot of rubbish has been written and spoken about the stress of the times, the speed-up of civilization, the increase of warlike and high-pressure in business, and its effect upon the human constitution.

It would be very interesting to compare the stress and strains of these days with the stress and strains of former times. Indeed, for instance, on the position of some of the early tribes of Britain, where men lived from day to day in expectation of a violent attack by a neighbouring tribe, the burning of their houses and the violation of their wives and daughters—a period when a man had to live sleeping and waking, in expectation of attack and prepared to defend himself and his property against it.

Was that kind of stress and strain any harder on the constitution or any easier on the constitution, than the running of telephone bells and the changing of hour?

Take the progress of any good country, who went west in covered wagons, built their homes from virgin timber while they lived in all weathers, and then lived in daily expectation of attacks from savage natives, only a couple of centuries ago.

Was that kind of stress and strain any worse than the rounds of parties and dances and drinking which, under the name of enjoyment, adds to the toll on our strength today?

There is a very fruitful field for argument there—in argument that can't take place at these parties, because it would lead too far off the track. In considering that question, one must remember that the basic changes in all living conditions have reflected in changed man. For instance, if all the muscles shared by all the men in the community today were placed in a heap, they wouldn't be nearly so big a heap as the muscles of the last pre-civilized man would make. That is quite natural, because machinery has replaced

muscles to a large extent. On the other hand, machinery has called for technical training, and we have more brains than muscles.

There isn't any argument that the human mind cannot stand up to technical training. It was Boschin (wasn't it?) who remarked that the average man does not exert any more than one-tenth of his mental powers! It has been demonstrated over and over again that that is true, that the mind is capable of working at far greater pressures and over a far wider range than most people believe. And so if efforts are sustained—if it is a healthy mind, just as no ill effects follow physical exertion, if it is a healthy body.

But just as physical exertion gets too fast to a weak or unhealthy body, so emotional disturbances or overwork may be disastrous to a weak or unhealthy mind.

With these thoughts in mind, then, one can take up the somewhat question which people ask about mental illness and answer them. The answers only cover ground of which psychological science is sure, and they should enable people who have any worries about mental illness to form some conception of the position as we understand it today.

Hysteria is a modern nervous disorder due to the speed of modern times.

FALSE Hysteria is one of the oldest known forms of mental illness. An emotionally unbalanced individual who is unable to solve a certain problem or to make some desire very real with manifestations of hysteria.

3. Mentally ill patients are often misdiagnosed hysterically.

FALSE It is no more right to condemn a person for his abnormal behavior when he is mentally ill than to condemn him for having the symptoms of heart trouble or cancer. The previous and the unbalanced of the mentally ill are never connected with conscious, malicious intent.

5. Shock treatment is used in all cases of mental illness.

FALSE Just as there are many kinds of mental illness, so are there many treatments, none of which are applicable to all cases. Shock treat-

ADVICE ON THE WRONG LINE.

Don't be down-hearted, don't be depressed
 Forget the things that worry you and laugh with the rest
 We know about friction and the things you have to say—
 Well, say them if you have to and clear your throat away.
 We know domestic troubles come to you as well as us,
 But please be philosophical and don't make such a fuss!
 We know the world's a rotten mass and all the rest of that,
 But cheer up, little brother, please! We hate to see you fust!
 What! You are not worried by these things? Then, why
 not make a gin?
 And little brother teddy said "I am depressed by gin!"

ment, which is very beneficial to certain types of patients, is useless or even harmful to others.

4. It is easy to detect suicidal tendencies in a mentally ill patient.

FALSE. It is almost impossible for a restrained person to detect suicidal tendencies in certain cases. Some of these individuals talk about committing suicide; others never mention it. Some attempt suicide while deeply depressed and others when they appear to be cheerful and happy.

5. Admission to a mental hospital should be avoided because "it drives people crazy to be around other crazy people."

FALSE. The association of mentally ill patients with one another has no bad effects. It must be remembered that it is not a situation where a normal person is trying to adjust to abnormal ones. Most mentally ill patients pay little attention to the behaviour of those about them. Also it is useful and soothing to no longer be subject to the constant emotional storm of trying to unsuccessfully "act normal."

6. Sanity is incurable.

FALSE. The belief that "something can be done about regular sickness but insanity is incurable" is still far too prevalent. Many individuals who have been mentally ill have been fully and permanently restored to sanity in their communities. The notion that the recovery of any mental disorder is incurable is entirely erroneous.

7. There is no hope of recovery for women who become mentally ill during the change of life (menopause).

FALSE. About 50 per cent of these "cases recover with adequate care.

8. Mentally ill patients never realize that they are not behaving normally.

FALSE. Some patients have insight and some do not, depending upon the type of mental illness from which they are suffering. Those who do have insight realize that their delusions are within their own minds even though they are unable to remedy their behaviour.

9. One should sympathize with mentally ill patients.

FALSE. Chronic sympathizing

swiftly encourages a patient in his delusion. Kindness and understanding should not be confused with merited expressions of sympathy.

10. The best thing to do when a "nervous breakdown" threatens is to go away for a change of scene.

FALSE. Because a total change helps some people does not mean that it is advisable in every case. Strangers and loneliness may plunge a depressed person into deeper gloom. When a nervous breakdown occurs, usually a physician instead of leaving the well-known but ill-advised suggestions of friends and relatives.

11. Syphilis is one cause of insanity.

TRUE. Syphilis often results in paresis or tabes dorsalis, noticeable forms of insanity due to lesions of the central nervous system.

12. Mental illness is hereditary.

TRUE. However, many psycholo-

gists believe that one's environment has more bearing on mental and emotional development than does heredity. Some personalities are weaker than others and because there is a mental patient in the family does not mean that all the other members of the family are doomed to eventual insanity.

13. A person who has returned home from a mental hospital should be guarded and shunned.

FALSE. Just as a convalescent child who has been spoiled during illness must be returned, so should one deal with the recovering mental patient. He should live as normal a life as possible, helped by understanding and constructive sympathy to face his problems instead of running away from them.

There is just one note worth adding: It is that mental development, like physical illness, is a sickness, to be diagnosed and treated, not to be valued as strange and fear.



SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS

I LIVED WITH THE PALESTINE JEWS

DAVID NEITH



Miriam invited me to spend my leave with her in her home village.

I first met Miriam when, as a member of the Palestine Auxiliary Service, she and her acquaintance brought some of our men to the Western Desert to a hospital at Basidi, near Alexandria. It was she who, more than anything else, showed me how much hate existed between the Jews and Arabs.

I was supposed to be a stretcher case, but when Miriam asked if anyone would like to sit in the driver's seat with her—well, she was young and slim and pretty.

Our talk was casual as we drove toward Basidi, but I was earnestly trying to bring the conversation to a more personal place. Then, at the roadside, we saw an Arab praying. Immediately, Miriam changed from a pretty, well-educated girl to a symbol of a symbol of a war which was always inevitable. She ceased talking, looked out of the windshield—and sat at the Arab in an *if-possible* ten-

secondary way. Her face was treated with hatred.

"Dirty swine!"

In her voice was all the women one person can hold for another, all the intolerance of one religion for another. To an American used to respect in the art of living, her scene was reprehensible. A lat embroiled, I walked until we had run another mile, and back.

"You don't like Arab?"

She replied, "I'd gladly do it if I could take two Arabs to hell with me."

It should have sounded melodramatic, but it didn't. Her hatred was too intense for me to possibly believe that her words were ally spoken.

That was Miriam. More, that was all the Jews to whom I afterwards spoke. Later, through Miriam, I was to enjoy Jewish hospitality a good deal and to respect that their hatred was born in an inferiority complex

stemming from the fact that for centuries they had been a people without a common homeland.

It was Miriam who asked me if I'd like to spend more of my next leave at a Jewish colony in the Negev Valley, that barren and hopeless stretch of Palestinian desert, into which the Jews have introduced the phenomenon of government.

Communism has become a greatly misused and abused word within the last two decades, but in that colony I found its idealistic and true meaning: the desire of having prosperity in common. There, all worked in keeping with their ability and all shared the reward of their toil. There, I saw sturdy people ploughing the grounds and planting wheat, old men leading scrawny cattle, women baking bread in a bakery that was a model of cleanliness and I saw a score of brown-headed kids, mostly girls, giggling happily in the main room.

It was approaching darkness when I arrived at the village, a time when the men of the village are working and changing into slacks and open-necked shirts and the women into dress frocks. This is *kummitz*—the "roll-down" hour—and it is an indispensable part of Jewish communal life is the industrious hours spent in the fields.

Miriam took me to a dormitory and introduced me to a few young men. They accepted me easily. One was a Russian, another a Pole, and a third an American with a limp.

I played out of a window and saw a number of Arabs collected at the barbed-wire fence. A Jew was talking to them—without hat.

"Friends of yours?" I asked the Russian Jew, smilingly.

"No. They have a farming problem. We help them with our knowledge. We have modern tools, and we use modern methods. The Arabs wish to learn our ways."

"You hate them, yet you educate them?"

"It is best for Palestine—and one day we Jews will have Palestine. When the war is over, and the troops are gone, we will fight the Arabs."

A few weeks earlier, I had met and talked to an Englishman who had

come out to Palestine to join the police force, and he had borrowed the fact that while it was a relatively simple job to enter an Arab village to search for arms, it was impossible to carry out an even search in a Jewish settlement. In fact, he said, a warrant signed personally by the Commissioner was necessary for that purpose.

"Why?" The policeman shrugged. The answer, I inferred, was political. Yet the non-communized officers in the Palestine Police knew that in a land where arms were easily acquired, the Jews were assembling vast supplies.

As I stood in the settlement with these young Jews, I wondered how sweet rides and how much assassination was awarded beneath the floors of the huts and I wondered, too, how long it would be before they would be put into use.

Earlier too, I had talked with an Arab boy who, at 12 years of age, had undertaken the responsibility of running a farm. His father, he told me, was 45—"too old for farm work." Chosen was a good farmer, and admitted that much of his knowledge had been passed from the Jews. Yet it was a job but that beneath the floor of his house, too, there was at least one rifle awaiting The Day.

Any soldier who served in the Middle East knew that The Day would come.

We went down among the others. Miriam was waiting. Finally, she said, there would be a concert for the village had ready singing and tomorrow, there would be a picture show, with the film projected on an outdoor screen.

The brown-headed kids, now, were being collected, for although they saw their parents in the evening, their willies was in the hands of trained supervisors and they live in a communal nursery.

The reason for this, Miriam told me, was to inculcate into the children the thought that they belonged to the community rather than to a private family.

"Then," I asked, "if they feel like that about the children, won't they resent my being here—with you?"

"Not at all. I'm single—and you're

COOKING fishing? If the water's cold, eat your bait who won't pounce if it's warm. Larger catches will do according to Canadian Fisheries experts. Tuna conked on their Research station on captive codfish is tanks supplied with running salt water show that the attraction of pieces of food eaten by the fish varied with the water temperature. In general, the warmer the water, the larger the pieces of food gulped down. The fish did not eat at all when the water became very cold, nor did they eat when it rose above 65 degrees.

not the first man who's spent a week here on my invitation."

It was an intriguing remark. Miriam said I did not go to the picture show that night.

I learnt a good deal during the week I spent at the village. It was obvious—at least to me—that the village had been formed not merely to fill the soil, but as a means of balancing together the Jews in a series of groups, so that when the time came for action, the young men could move easily be armed and called up for warlike. That, however, was for the future, the establishment of the communal villages for the time being was concerned with clearing a house to the displaced people of Europe.

There were, I understood, about 50,000 Jews in standard colonies throughout Palestine—a total that represented 4% of the Jewish population of the country. It all began in 1906 when a few Russian revolutionaries started a collective colony near the Sea of Galilee, in 19 years, only six more villages had been added, but with the coming into power of Adolph Hitler, the village increased in number until in 1942 or thereabouts, no less than 119 "communes" were scattered throughout Palestine.

No one, I noticed, looked in the village, yet there was a marked lack of

regimentation. There was a notice-board in the communal dining room on which was posted a weekly duty roster dividing the work into two sections, one of which was revenue producing and the other scheduling domestic chores.

Unlike Russian villages of a number of miles, it is not mandatory for the worker to remain in a village. At any time, he is permitted to pack up and leave—but while he is a member of the community, he must draw his expenses from a common treasury. Expenses, naturally enough since money here are fed and clothed by the commune, are low. No wages are paid, and no matter what the personal responsibilities are, maintenance is kept at the same level.

Produce is sold to outside markets, or is bartered to other villages. In short, while one "commune" might not be self-supporting it will with the assistance of other villages be able to keep outside buying at a minimum.

In the village of which I spent a week, married couples lived together in double rooms, and unmarried people had dormitories. There was, however, to my mind a free and easy atmosphere between the latter which in ordinary circumstances may have evoked then the disapproval of not-so-broad minded critics. When I mentioned this to Miriam, she reminded me that when the villages were first formed, one or two were frankly unconventional in their outlook towards marriage; and that, in fact, the main aim considered in a village near Haifa, where young men and women educated in order to test the necessity of their families towards each other. But, she added, this especially casual conception of communal living was being replaced by normal Jewish conditions.

I was glad, in a way, that the old outlook had not completely died away. And when I left the village at the end of a week, I readily accepted Miriam's invitation to return.

But I never did. Just these days, when I read of the struggle between the Jews and Arabs, I think of her. I think of her advice in talking to the Arab who prayed and that makes it easy to understand the enthusiasm with which war came to Palestine; and I

think of her and the other villagers in the "commune" in the Nablus Valley. And I wonder what Miriam is doing now.

The chief reason for the establishment of the village was to enable the settlement of the greatest number of people in a small area, and to produce the greatest possible amount of food with a minimum of labour.

The women, I observed, enjoyed the same rights as men, and unlike similar settlements in Russia, were allowed to undertake executive tasks. In Russia, I understood, the labour of the women was confined to household tasks, although I was told that in later years the Russian

women had had some emancipation in this regard. Reflections of the attitude towards women was, I was told, largely the result of war when, with the menfolk away fighting, it became necessary to enlist women in executive posts.

The women, having tasted these delights were reluctant to yield them up—and in all fairness it may be said that they proved themselves to be very capable indeed.

As these people come in and out of the news, I cannot help remembering my experiences among them and I cannot help thinking that what is reported in the news gives no idea at all of these as they are.



There were miles by the million in the miller—and no Fiat Tiger.



The FURRED INVASION

MERVYN ANDREWS

JOE LYNCH was as fit as a porpoise. When he laughed, the huge bladder of soft hair that was his stomach cracked and crinkled, quivering and shaking like ground from a deep-seated earthquake.

Leaning against a seed drill, Joe laughed, the round-bottomed girth giving time to his demonstration of a laugh on hot breaks—a quarter of a century in advance of its reality.

It was early May, 1953, my first day in the mace-ridden Mallee. I grabbed at my snide, my losses, my thigh, squeezing hard on the squawking abdomen of the little furred fiend, there was a moose up the leg of my trousers.

A moose. Did I say? I jumped hard up and down, rattling as the a shriveled leg as ever was fixed, and down they came—three dead ones took a nose-dive to earth. Two live ones, one a shrewfield, plumed to the safety of a burrow, while a third, a monger vermin, accompanied up Joe's leg and, between the gusts of his laughter, when his belt was slack, darted under the band of his trousers.

It was then Joe's turn at con-

torious, and my turn to laugh. He had to take his trousers down to get rid of the moose, for Joe wore bow-yeasts around his ankles. I knew why, by this time, and it was a good idea, many few more let you below the belt when you were bewinged that way.

The 1917 mouse plague first evidenced itself in February of that year with widespread reports that mice by the million had invaded the wheat areas. During March and April there were increasingly serious reports. By May the invasion had reached intense plague proportions. It was like that until the August—more than three mice-eaten months.

The plague had to be seen (and read) to be believed. Though it is more than thirty years ago, I can still remember the stench of dead and living mice, rotting mice, grubs, and bats, and the tang of the vermin in the barren feed we tried to eat. There wasn't as much of country that wasn't destroyed by the pest.

At every railway station in the Wimmera, the Mallee, and Northern Victoria, and in large areas of New

South Wales and South Australia, large stacks of wheat stood bagged and roofed, awaiting transport to the export for shipment to Britain, which was food hungry even then, because of the First World War.

Here was the second line of communications for the Empire—food for the fighting forces, food for the pack-girted soldiers toiling for victory in 1917, the worst year of the 1914-18 War. The wheat was abundant and victory, but there were neither the men nor the tractors to shift it quickly to Australian ports, and the U-boats lurked along the sea lanes, awaiting such transports as we could muster.

A bad pestion, but on top of it the worse one, for here was an enemy within—more, countless millions of mice, smothering the stacks, gnawing the bags, rotting the grain, eating all their fat—old, bellies stretched like sausage skins. What they did not eat, they befracted with their secret and the antibiotic areas already to be seen round their eyes, nose and mouth.

As the vermin burrowed, the bags sagged, and wheat exuded out through the turn tips. The huge stacks began to slump slowly till the mallee farmers, experts in the game to the path of autumn's rain. That completed the havoc. The farms were dotted with hill-like mounds of befracted wheat, rotting bags, and stinking mice, living and dead, to affront the eyes and disgust the nose of all who met and smell.

In this mounting mass men labored. They tried to fight the antibiotic hoards of furred soldiers to win the safety of grain that was the stuff of life and the hope of victory in Europe. Men rushed that job, deserting farm and factory alike. There was big money here for those days. One paid a day-daily shilling a day—the wage went up as the need and the villainy of the occupation increased.

Here men labored, killing the mice, shoring the grain, rotting, smothering. They labored with the stench in their nostrils, doing an unpleasant job as has ever been so. For their pains they became infected with the peckish sores—an infectious type of rheumatism,

which crept slowly over their hands, their arms, their legs and their bodies. On the mice themselves, this sore is regarded by Elton, a world authority on mice, as a species of alarming syphilis.

The men who tackled the wheat took protective measures against the mice. The chief safeguard was a double row of phosphorus iron bait around each stack. Water traps were set at intervals, and human heads were placed from stack to stack, so that the mice could get into it but not out. Once in, the mice were stampeded to the water traps and drowned.

Elton, in his "Voles, Mice and Lemmings" (published in 1931), estimated the damage at over one million pounds. Most of the grain would have perished for human consumption. Some experts in the Wimmera calculated that ninety per cent of the wheat grown and advanced from the plague in the district required conditioning. A number of horses fed on infected grain and they died as a result.

As it was in the railway stacks, so it was on the farms. The houses, barns, stables, sheds, haystacks, and sheds swarmed with mice. Everything edible, from grain to human, and clothing, had to be stored for safety against the vermin.

Driving along the red-earth, Mallee roads on a moonlight night with the air crisp and sharp with a coming frost, the first shrike above the roadside the rostris a male from the hare-stead. At half a mile the snail was clearing and vaguely inviting. At the hare-stead gate, the stench was vile, and almost overpowering. You filled your lungs with its heavy clamor; you mouthed it with your food, you labored in its deathliness, and you slept with its odious thickness swarming around your body.

At night, when I work with Joe to bed down the horses, the ground glittered with a myriads of gleaming eyes flashing on the red-refined glow of the hurricane lamp.

We walked on a seemingly mobile earth—on earth swaying and quivering beneath our feet with swarms of scurrying grey beetles, on earth that

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

I made myself as lovely as could be
With every artful and I ever learn,
And eagerly awaited that dark vein
Who were my quyngham eyes were lovely blue
I loved him more because my money here
To him was soft upon golden tapestry,
And even more because he wore
That my ten there was only stone-throw
And yet I knew he said the nicest things
And spoke most flatteringly his regards—
I did not know he practised every day
Writing the questions that go on Xmas cards

tilled and tumbled as we walked, grazing in the heart of the Malles, the uneasy sensation of first steps on solid land after weeks spent on the swivelling deck of a rolling ship. It's respect on earthquake to produce a peculiar feeling of uneasiness.

Each footfall brought disaster to the furred heads. They squeaked their plantlike death rattle, as our heavy hobnail boots squeaked on a carpet of squawking, soft grey hollow, and thousands of tiny rodents sought sanctuary in hundreds of tiny burrows already dug in to equity by their more fortunate kindred.

With host, sick and poison we killed indiscriminately, slaughtering thousands, and we found allies in our quest in their destruction in every herd and heart, wild or tame, on the down-swept one. The big drought hammer stomped down with broad, heavy-hand feet, the cattle slaughtered with cloven hooves, the sheep with sharp, scissoring teeth, the birds of the air and yard death destruction with beak and claw, and even the docile shore did their part.

All animals ranged with man, for

this was their fight for existence also, the mouse was the common foe of all—save the cat. And the cat, blasted, assisted, persecuted with the flesh of its traditional enemy, the mouse. It slept, indifferent to the feast gauding before its eyes.

Nothing was safe from the breeding mice. A freshly laundered table cloth nibbled through the corner, showed a down hole when spread, these were mostly dined but next morning were chewed out again—some epicurean mouse had found the new dressed more delectable to its palate. Brownian, in "The Dead Pigeon" did not underestimate the disaster done by the rat.

Many of the Malles houses were soaked and lined with paper parted over lesions. The mice ate the walls and ceilings because they liked the flour in the ports. Slugs and thrush of gnawed houses hung from the rafters like the unknown, melted hair of some derelict of civilization in the lowest zones of his degradation.

As the mice increased in numbers so the colonies grew to fantastic figures. Man counted first in tens,

then in hundreds, in thousands, by the acreage the full, by the hundred-weight, and finally by the ton.

One farmer lost possessed wheat overnight, next morning he tried after counting 30,000 seed sales. Another tallied 30,000 in one afternoon. These are authentic figures given by Elton, but they dwindle in imagination when compared with one night's catch in Lendishire—three tons of mice, estimated at 30,000 in number—and the recorded weight of the slaughter up to 17th June—305 tons, representing 32,000,000 dead mice!

That was the officially recorded kill, but it takes an account of the unreported millions slain by every man, bird and beast in the 200 square miles of Victoria afflicted and the plague areas in New South Wales and South Australia, where, at Port Lorne, for instance, even the seaweed succumbed with mice.

While protection of stocks was the main line of defence, wholesale poisoning was an important method of destruction. Of the toll stories associated with the plague, the plan for poisoning stores goes to one credited to "Paddy" O'Connell, a son of post, Bernard Neillman at the bottom of a particularly virulent strain, but he had no less a mouse to produce even one kill. Paddy looked around for the reason. The explanation was "I left a bar of soap on the floor, the little mouse ate it as an antibiotic."

The plague finished almost as suddenly as it had begun. Nobody knew where the mice had come from, none knew where they went. They disappeared, though there was still plenty of food for them. The mystery was explained in some extent by D. Williams, M.V.Sc., of Veterinary Research Institute, Melbourne University, in his investigations into the 1932 plague in Victoria.

Writing in the "Journal of the Federal for Scientific and Industrial Research" for February, 1933, Williams favoured the infection theory to explain the appearance of the mice. They were in an area in one direction, following an advance party. They are not of local breeding, since very few young animals or pregnant

females were found, though there may have been hidden in burrows.

Though unable to give the place of origin, Williams discounts the suggestion that the Mallesian Plague was the original breeding ground, the distance from there to the Malles being too great for the mice to travel. A theory advanced in the Melbourne "Argus" at the time gave the black soil plains of the Wimmera the doubtful credit of being the breeding ground, but this supposition does not accord with Williams's theory of one-direction, mass migration.

On the question of disappearance, Williams is more specific. He lists four factors of destruction:

1. As many as twenty mice crowded into one large burrow during wet weather, many died of suffocation.
2. Exposure to cold and rain in the field, mice being particularly vulnerable to both.
3. "Lendishire" of wheat in stocks killed thousands in the collapse of December.

Such plagues are neither new nor isolated in the country. They have been known the world over, one of the most disastrous and widespread being in the Massachusetts Village, Nevada, in 1871-8, following similar outbreaks in 1852-53 and 1899-1901. The plague in Kern County, California, attracted world attention in 1905, and the outstanding Australian plagues are those of 1911, 1917 and 1932.

Almost invariably, such plagues follow a particularly prolific harvest. Such was the case in 1917, and the conditions precedent to that plague are reproduced today. The Australian wheat harvest reached record proportions in 1907-8. In New South Wales alone, 77,000,000 bushels of wheat were harvested and, on some estimates, half as much again did not reach the bumper stores owing to seasonal and other factors.

Over two-thirds of this harvest was stored in straw sheaves and on floors in similar bag stacks to those smothered by mice in 1917, for the New South Wales country sales can accommodate only 24,500,000 bushels.

THINK there before you call it "syphilis a 'one-of-a-kind'." It actually means something in the bad old days woman's wives were allowed to sleep with their husbands their children were born in the ship's sick bay. If the birth were difficult or taking up too much of the ship surgeon's time he considered the proceeding by giving orders for the surgical delivery of a twelve-pounder. History records that children started into the world in this manner were known as "one-of-a-kind."

though the reports can provide for nearly 1,000,000 deaths were.

Methods of protecting living souls have made but little advance in these three decades, the first line of defense still being "stiddle" quack and galvanized iron fences while methods of eradication have been virtually static since 1905, with one exception—an improved method of fixation of her stocks announced in the U.S.B.R. Journal in August, 1934. This, however, was directed mainly against swine in which, though it is equally effective against humans.

The "stiddle" stock (about 1000 pounds on post top) was the subject of the tallest story credited to "Paddy" O'Dew. He went into dinner quite satisfied with his newly pickled soul what was safe. An hour later the stock swarmed with rats, though no broken threads or straw gave the race a "ladder" to the wheel. Pondering the problem, "Paddy" stood watching the "paddle" water drip to the ground, then with his own eyes he saw 2-3 more rats up the drip.

Most effective weapon of eradication in the field was the poison method adopted in Nevada in 1917-5. Phosphorus, beta, or benzodiphosphorus is considered the dangerous, but a staphylococcus mixture dropped

in the Marrows brought an eighty-five to ninety-five per cent kill, though it was an expensive and accurate process, for the rats known as the Huxtable Valley killed up to 30,000 per acre of land.

In addition to the disease to wheat, the health aspects of a possible plague need consideration. Khon, Murvree, and other bacteriologists agree that the rayworm disease is transmittable to man. Man is also high percentage carrier of a form of typhoid and dysentery fatal to some plagues possessing and in common with swine, are passed to a blood poisoning like white sepsis in calves. A plague of 5000 is a not subsequent aftermath of a mouse plague.

An investigation of bubonic plague (1905-06) by Dr. Ashburn Thompson gave a qualified approval of the mouse as a carrier of that disease, and Dr. F. McCullum, a Commonwealth Quarantine officer, while admitting that the mouse has not been really in that regard in Australia, points out that tests conducted in South Africa and in California show that the mouse could spread the disease.

One thing we have to be very glad about is the fact that the last plague (1919) was defeated as it was, did not bring with it some of the dread scourges of the pest.

The great plague of London was started by a man who came ashore from a ship on which there was a plague-infected rat and he has been better by the rat. What happened as a result of that rat at history—a plague which it took the great fire of London, and the destruction of a city, to clear up.

The main source of infection was not actually the rats, of course, but a flea which had leapt the rat to his home—us, in medical terms, his "host." Plague as disastrous to us men, has its origin in so small an insect—and the carrier of the insect is the rat, or the mouse.

Truly terrible results occur when mice or rats get loose in large numbers and I shudder to think of the terrible results that could have followed from a plague of rodents sweeping across the country, shedding their little disease-carrying parasites in every

time at all in any land such a spectacle would be disastrous—fatal. Had that been the case in the Middle in 1919, the results would have still been against today.

Governmental authorities are non-committal on the present possibility of another mouse plague. They admit some similarity in conditions with 1917, they acknowledge that reports from southern Mexico indicate a more-than-normal prevalence of rats, but with so little known of the origin of the vermin in plague form, who can say that the mouse infestation another turned innocent?

Of course, should such a plague eventually appear, there are scientific

ways in which it could be dealt with—and as the more future it will be a crash to deal with such an occurrence.

Already in America it has been shown that sound-bites of such high frequency that they cannot be heard by the human ear, provide a "death ray" that will kill a mouse in less than a minute, and such rays could drive any plague at any given moment—from plaguehouses to, if it were possible, a plague of elephants.

But though the theory of such anti-plague measures is already known the methods have yet to be developed.

But—if it occurs, what are we going to do about it?

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST



IT STARTED

this way

The Holy Week of 1590 was in England damp and cold, and because of the inclement weather, the monks of St. Albans in Hertfordshire despatched to travellers, in addition to soup, hot spiced beer. On Good Friday, one of the monks received the news with the Sign of the Cross. The innovation appealed highly to pilgrims, and the custom was eventually spreadward, spreading eventually throughout the Christian world.



Hon. Seng, a Chinese mandarin who lived in the B.C. and commander of an army, was killed when, during a battle in operation, his troops became troublesome. In order to fill their leisure time, he devised a pastime called Chiao-Chao-Hong-Ki, or "the sport of the war." The game, in addition to keeping the troops occupied, exemplified tactical battle moves. Today, we call the game "Chiao."

Two hundred-odd years ago, there stood in Fleet Street, London, a tavern called "The Devil," the sign of which showed St. Dunstan, guiding the Evil One's nose. When the lawyers of London visited the tavern, they invariably left a notice on their doors informing acquaintances of the fact. Thus was born the phrase, "Gone to the Devil."



William Lee was a dean of Cambridge who, falling in love with a barmaid, covered her against University Statutes. Their living gone, her wife tried to earn a few shillings by knitting stockings by hand. Lee watched her working, and conspired by the slowness of the process, produced a frame which expedited the work. So, in 1668, was made the first pair of stockings by mechanical means.

In 1628, Sir Robert Peel introduced an act forming the London Metropolitan Police Force. Cockayne, cockney a name for the men of low birth in old times, "bobbies", after Sir Robert—a title which later became interchangeable with "copper"—earned, it is said, because the policemen wore large copper buttons on their uniforms.



"I'm No **OUTLAW!**"

— Jane Russell

SLOW-EYED JANE RUSSELL, whose sultry beauty and well-advertised bosom caused great excitement about the much attacked film, "The Outlaw", reveals publicly the film brought her. Temporarily lulled, all Jane's estranged beliefs were awakened when she saw Jennifer ("Bernadette") Jones in the novel love scenes of "Duel in the Sun". Jane says "The Outlaw" dragged her good name in the mud, and she's determined that such roles are never again for her.



"MY HUSBAND AND I are a clean-living, happy married couple," Jane says. This picture shows the pair reaping the harvest of their own fruit trees. The garden in which they spend so much of their time has well-planted fruit trees and is their favorite playground.



OUTLAWS DON'T SING—but Jane and her husband are both fine pianists, play and sing as the spirit moves them. Jane's husband, who dislikes his wife's "Outlaw" reputation, points out that Jane sings folk songs, has no liking for suggestive torch-singing.



PETS ARE BIG TUNE in the home life of the star. She says frankly that cat-love women don't spend much time outdoors. There is an old saying that if a dog bites a man he's O.K. Dogs like Jane.



NO BUTTERFLY, in Russell is rarely seen in the glittering Hollywood night spots. She entertains at home; her mother is a frequent visitor and enjoys the lardy dishes Jane herself serves.



TRADITIONAL MOVIE GLAMOR home does not appeal to this actress. Home is to be lived in, the heavy old gas stove is a friend that helps Jane's cooking efforts. She is an ardent recipe reader, likes trying to make new dishes.



BEND DOWN SISTER! Jane says that dirt isn't necessary to a good figure if you live a normally active life. But when you're working you've got to put some energy into it. And Jane claims that she lives energetically every moment of her waking day!

WHAT GREAT MINDS THINK—



About Women

Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter,
Sermons and cold-water the day after.

—Byron, *Don Juan*

BYRON

Though women are simple, yet well-to-do the devil.

(*Hours of Idleness*)

DEKKER

Were there no women men might live like gods.

(*The Rascal Whore*)

SHAKESPEARE

Men have marble, women wear hands.

(*Rape of Lucretia*)

REYNOLDS

As for women, though we scorn and fust 'em,
We may live with, we cannot live without 'em.

(*The Will*)

TENNYSON

Men at most differ as Heaven and Earth,
But women, word and deed, as Heaven and Hell.

(*Merlin and Vivien*)

ELKA CHASE

All this confusion but would not go on, and nothing more at all would be
written or read if only men could make up their minds about women, but
that will never happen.

(*In Red We Cry*)

MEREDITH

God's greatest blessing is, after all, a good woman.

(*Ordeal of Richard Feverel*)

SIR WALTER SCOTT

O woman! In our hours of ease
Unsettled, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made,
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!

(*Marmion*)

DE QUINCEY

She is a woman that is saying the best and the worst about her
There is no music on earth like the laughter of women.

(*Essays*)



Casting for SWINE

The woman was a pearl—even the killer with his gun in hand knew that

★ARTHUR HUNTER CUTLER

THE little man with the black, busy nostrils watched the window below. The submachinegun rested lightly on the window ledge and the arm in the gray, black shirt was taut but steady.

So much she could see in the quick glances from her room across the empty courtyard.

But the younger man beside her watched her movements. So she gathered up the damp underwear, rinsed it, squeezed it and rinsed it again, hissing and steaming to catch any sound from the room below. Once she threw up her head and laughed and her dark eyes were like white fire in her pale face.

But the younger man at the window across the courtyard was watchful, so she made as though to toss the hair from her face, and again plunged her arms into the bowl of water.

Outside, the courtyard was hot and still, the shadows cut deep against the white walls and the straightest crests of the vines.

Suddenly the peace was shattered as the gun sent a burst through the window below.

The air's face pressed its answer. She stood for a moment, listening in the sharp silence that followed the rattle of the bullets.

But from below there came no sound.

But in the woman's confusion, before the shouting died away, the air left the window, slipped through the door and ran down the narrow stairway.

At the creak down the corridor another face looked by the door. He was lying within—dead! He said



ILLUSTRATION

Jacques, both dead! She rushed towards the doorway and tried to clutch the fear from her quivering throat. God! Dear God! Not that!

Someone, surely sensitive to sound and to danger, whispered hoarsely, "Stop! For the love of God, stop where you are!"

She huddled against the hotel in joy and fear. He lived! Yet he remained there, trapped, ill!

"Paul, oh Paul, why are you still here?" She breathed the words so softly that no sound rose up to the dark, dirty man at the window above.

She heard his gasp, "Miracle, is it you?"

A low moan came from the room



ILLUSTRATION

She leaned over now the younger man roared the man with the gun.

"Paul! Paul!" she whispered, but did not move. Still she stayed huddled against the wall. Years in the Underground had taught her, instant obedience to her Leader. And was he not also her beloved?

Another voice came to her now, thick with anguish.

"Miracle! Another ten seconds and we should have been away with him!"

"Jacques!" she heard, "you have killed him!"

"That the one was waiting—we had only to get him past the door—"

The air repeated bitterly, "You have killed him, he should never have been brought here!"

"Miracle little sister," pleaded the voice, distraught, "remember he was ill and you could not leave him!" She asked calmly, "Will he die?" "No, no God be praised! A fresh wound in the leg. But he is still weak from the sickness."

She made no answer.

"The filthy rascal have watched the window for an hour!"

"Can they see me if I moved to the door?"

"I think not, as else we were both dead men long ago. The rascal of the window possesses them seeing the floor."

She could see, at the end of the corridor, an outer doorway that threw

a patch of sunlight on the brickwork of the corridor. Against that beam of light she lifted her arms, throwing an irregular shadow across the wall.

The gun crashed across the courtyard.

Heard scattered from the corridor wall.

"For God's sake, Minnie, don't draw their fire!"

She staggered, with her red lips twisted, perhaps at pain, perhaps not.

"They are across my brother, and shoot at shadows!"

Again the mad thrust her arms against the beam of light. But this time the shadow loomed over the sash; patch much lower than before.

Outside in the courtyard was peace.

"They cannot see below half a mile from the door, Jacques. I am about to crawl forward!"

"It can do no good. But for the love of God, be careful!"

She came forward slowly over the boards. In another moment she had reached the doorway and lay there peering.

Paul's face was beside her now. She pressed her lips against his brown throat. She kissed the rugged rather gently.

He sighed deeply and his eyes opened.

"Beloved," he breathed, his lips against hers.

For one sweet moment the danger was forgotten. She pressed to him.

Jacques, sprawled beside them, listened in misery.

"For me it is too late. But for you, Minnie!"

She clung to him. "It cannot be, it cannot be too late!"

Her voice, in anguish, became too insistent for safety.

"Think, little one. You will leave me now. . . But you will not forget our Crime!"

She cried quietly against him. But he went on, more firmly. "That is our load. Here we shall make our home. You will remember Minnie!"

Then his eyes closed. He weakened. Blood oozed slowly from his wound again. Jacques pressed a bundle of rage more firmly against the bruised, stained flesh.

Paul opened his eyes with an effort. He put his hand slowly under his open shirt. He became practical. He was their Leader. That was the end. He took out a small file of papers.

"You will take these, Minnie. But they must not fall into certain hands. You understand?"

He nodded.

"You will leave me now. Take the car back to the hills. You will be safe there, you and Jacques."

For a moment his voice was firm, giving orders to his followers. Then he trembled a little and sought the girl against him closely. He opened her knees at the throat and crushed in the palms, burning the soft skin.

And even as he did so, lying there beside her for the last time, in anguish and hopelessness, the idea came to him.

She looked across at her brother, lying face downwards in despair.

She whispered, "Will they come and search for him?"

He raised himself.

"No. They have orders not to make a disturbance in the street. They have too few men to handle a riot."

A convulsive movement, and the man between them jumped again.

Jacques shuddered and let at his side. "They were in with for him here—and pick him up. I found out too late."

The girl's eyes shot little flames of hate into the boy's tortured soul.

"I knew it, Jacques," she reminded him bitterly.

"My God," he whispered, "do you think it sweet want to me, to lead him into danger, a sick man?"

Minnie wiped his voice with anger. But she was not listening. She lay quietly, making her plans.

"Another last second and he was safe, Minnie!" he pleaded.

She looked at him, a new light in her eyes.

"Then you shall have those ten seconds!"

Suddenly she leaped over close to her brother and spoke rapidly in his ear. "When he would protest, she answered sharply. "It is your only chance to save him!"

"And you?"

"They do not need me as a Min-

ner. There is no danger for me!" She smiled strongly.

Reaching the corridor, she stood erect and brushed the dust from her red peasant shirt, tucking in the bodice.

Then to her brother, whispering between hope and despair, and now out of her sight in the room beyond, she called softly.

"Remember, the moment you see the water fall!"

And then, quickly, she slipped up the stairs to the room above. She passed a moment to thrust the prohibition papers deep into her skirt pocket.

Entering the room with a founce of her skirts, she busied a gay little tune and came towards the window. She leaned out.

She reached out her bare arms and caught the clothes-line suspended over the courtyard. From the jibbs she gathered up the pegs and, in full view of the window, thrust them down her blouse where the bodice fell apart.

Selecting the dearest, intimate garments from the pile of damp clothing, she leaned out again, pegs between her red lips, gripped in her strong white teeth, pegs between her soft white breasts, cupped in open bosoms.

As the young man looked across she pressed the damp dirty things on the clothes-line. He was slowly thirty paces away, and she could hear his breath whistle between his teeth.

As she leaned over the sill, plucking the pegs from her bodice.

The long line of her throat gleamed in the sunlight.

Through half-closed eyes she saw the young man stride the room with the gun.

Her arms reached over and back again swiftly, one moment hiding her breasts the next, revealing a glimpse between the soft folds of silk.

For the first time the man with the gun lost his eyes from the window below.

She heard the sharp intake of his breath.

Quickly she turned. One hand caught up the head of vector, the other flicked the hot button of her blouse.

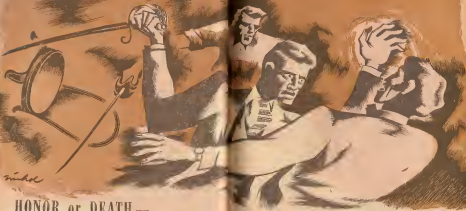
She turned towards the window again, head up, eyes out down, both arms outstretched against the level.

The spike splashed in a stream past the lower window. It splashed down into the courtyard below.

The girl leaned over so though to watch where the water fell. As she did so the sides of her bodice parted and she felt the hot sun striking down on the white skin of her breasts. Felt too the hot lust in the eyes of the man across the courtyard.

And all the while the ten, fifteen, twenty previous sounds were falling. But he, and all the while the two men did not take their eyes from the girl before them.





HONOR or DEATH— OR DEATH

He was a hero to millions of women,
but a cad to the few who knew him.

☆ DAMON MILLS

AFTER he made that picture about Matthew Flinders, Hollywood got interested and sent out for him. It took me along because I'd not pretty indispensable to him, and also he wanted to reggae them with what a

bar shot he was in this country with a secretary-queen-violet and all.

He figured he was doing a good thing for me taking me along with him and showing me the world, but I'd seen more of the world than he

GLIMPS

knew existed. I'd been born in Hollywood before. Once in between stops when I'd spent three weeks in Los Angeles. Sometimes I wonder if there's enough liquor in the world to wash away the memory of it. I'd met a girl there. Her name was Mary Mason. She was in movies like a lot of other people were about that time, like Tom Mix and Lon Chaney and Pola Negri. She was doing all right, too, getting better and more important parts all the time. It was one of those first look affairs for both of us. We were going to get married. But first of all I had to go back to Australia. My father had died and left me. His career was a

Richard's reward fell out of his grasp and clattered to the floor.

large piece of his fortune. She kept on acting, and I went home to clean the money. Helpless had gathered like scavenging birds. They fought the will, and what they called unjust appointment, both and told. I went on month after month. Finally, I dropped it all and moved back to her. She'd had to stop going to the studio and I traced her to the hospital where she'd had the baby. It was a girl. Glad that having it. Her mother had come and claimed it. When I went to see her mother, she saved at me and wouldn't listen. There was nothing I could do.

I went by the money I finally got out of the will, and then I started

MEMORY LANE

Should add acquaintance be
forgot?
The question goes unanswered
yet.
We've never missed the answer,
no.
My darling let us not forget
for though the days between us
stretch
Someday and finally all dis-
tance
I long right on remembering
What you did be my sweetheart!

trying to make myself drunk enough to forget. For a while I just drifted I got a job in a cabinet factory, and then one day when I was mixing him a hangover cure a bar stool offered me a job as his runner—a gentleman's position, as they say. I took it and drifted around from one to another, finally winding up with this actor guy—then Bellard.

Robert Bellard. There was something for you. The hero of the Australian surveys—the voter that sold more soap for its motions than a thousand professional salesmen. Once I was with him at a place where he was personally autographing his pictures, and we had to fight our way out.

He couldn't leave all his fans, but he did his best. I had to arrange most of the dirty little affairs and then out there of dawn when the time came. If that's love I guess I'll never have been heard doing a job like that, but a lot in me had died with her. Any way there was nothing dirty about the money he gave me. But when I saw what he'd done to some of the white-faced kids that begged me to let them see him, even I felt a twinge. But then I thought of the money again and the agony I had gone through for a while since when I couldn't get the bottles together.

was it bought and I lost the recipe. Two very subtle characters, Bellard and I.

As I said before, when he acted Melvior Plandine in that picture they rated about him all over the world, and Hollywood signed him up. He took me along for the reasons I have already stated.

When we arrived a little Jew met us. His name was Sam Vronsky. He was short and fat, with shrewd eyes. He had an array of connections with him that took shape of Bellard and me with him from every angle except sticking as one of their hands. When they were through I said, "Where can I get a drink?"

Vronsky said, "See soon? In the daytime already?"

Bellard muttered, "He drinks to forget. He's forgotten what it is he's forgetting. But what's cheap on the money I pay him?"

Bellard talked like that all the time. I stayed with him because I had no principles left. I took orders from him like a Keweenaw. I said without Vronsky looked like he had a but Jewish family he looked after pretty well. He said quietly, "Maybe a cup of coffee—"

I said, "Coffee's no good."

Vronsky told me quietly the nearest place where I could get a drink. As I went away I could hear Bellard laughing.

Vronsky didn't join him.

They coked in as the Plandine picture by making another one, in which he had to sleep around on horseback in the same sort of fancy clothes. In this one they gave him a sword to swing around his head. He shivered so well they put him in a room of them.

He had to be taught how to use a sword and he got to like it. Any time you happened to walk around a deserted corner of the lot you'd find him and the expert instructor they kept around the studio herd at it, clanking their towers together. He got to be pretty good and pretty proud of it.

They had a studio dinner room, and they presented him with the sword he'd used in his last picture, mount-

ed and inscribed. He'd got to own another place besides his Beverly Hills house now—a bar store place parked above the right high up on the crest. He brand the sword over the mantle above the great stone fireplace he wanted with bones over. He'd practically become a feudal baron. But no center to live with. There was another actor, a young German refugee from the Nazis called Ernst Kirten. He'd started off with the studio about the same time as Bellard, and he was getting to be as big a romantic star. He played gentle lambs—romantic and poetic. He was getting bigger with every picture. That was sticking in Bellard's throat and making it harder for those around him to get on with him.

I liked the German, Kirten. He didn't talk much. He'd escaped from a concentration camp, but he wasn't broken. He heard later they'd all been killed. He was lucky any man could be. Then I saw him going around with one of the studio's starlets—a young, golden-haired, fresh-faced kid—and the male-children were starting to show around his eyes again, and I and everyone else felt glad.

Bellard still kept his hand in off the screen. Since we'd been in the place he'd had two girls here. With Kirten, him, and getting a few others. He'd been settled out of court. To his face it made him the big daddy here. I saw him at something different again. When I saw what it was once he let me and knocked me down. I was drunk or I wouldn't have sold it. Next morning I apologized. That's how I'd got . . .

We were looking in the cafeteria a couple of days later. Bellard was looking around. Suddenly he said, "Go that girl for me."

I looked where he was looking.

I said, "That's Kirten's girl."

He said, "So what? I'm bigger than Kirten."

I said, "He won't like it."

He said, "Why should he? I don't want him to get her."

He bent his head back down to his plate.

I went on eating. I knew that finished it for him.

I saw the kid. I told her Bellard wanted to take her out and when and where. I explained to her like the big show-off always got me to do. That Robert Bellard was a very busy and important man and didn't have time to even make his own dates. The kid was stunned by the offer. I could see that. She hadn't been on the studio's payroll long, and it was all new to her. She called herself Gloria Martin. She'd come out of stock from somewhere. Her voice was breathless and she was straggled when she told me to tell him she'd be pleased to accompany Bellard anywhere.

I felt a little sick about it. I demanded a drink would fix me. I was leaving the cafeteria in search of it when I ran into Vronsky.

He'd seen me with the kid. He asked after her. He said, "Lovely girl, that Martin girl?"

I said, "Yes." I was wanting that drink and I made to go on. Vronsky said, "A peach off the tough for Bellard?"

I shrugged. I said, "So what? You fellows have been telling him he's the concentration of Don Juan to long he's got to behave it."

Vronsky said, "He's not the concentration of Don Juan. I'd say more like Federico Borras. Even his own daughter won't get on with him."

I said, "What's it to me? He pays me good money."

Vronsky was about a moment. I didn't walk on. Vronsky said quietly, "Didn't you ever have a family?"

I said shortly, "No."

Vronsky said, "A pity. A great pity. I have a fine family. Three daughters, two sons. You visit some home and meet the same time. It's a great thing, a family. Everyone loves one another."

I said, "What's all that to do with Bellard?"

Vronsky said, "This kid hasn't got a family—no one. I wanted the kid out. Her old grandmother was all she had. She died last year. The kid's only-one, as she's supposed to be able to look after herself—she can't. Not against anyone like Bellard. Apart from all that, if she's left alone she'll go to pieces. He's

in her hand. Her—"

"I said, 'What is it I need that drink?' I pushed her aside and went and had it. But it didn't restore me the way my better about the kid."

Kirtan didn't like it any more than I did. But it was different with her. He could share Ballard just when he thought about it. And he did. He made a pass at the computer Maldebecker and it put him right on top. He was really threatening Ballard for the title of the studio's number one male bar-office strident now.

The kid didn't seem to care, though. She'd fallen for Ballard like a symmetrical building, and she didn't care about anything else. That suit of Ballard, all right, but Kirtan's suit was different. He let Kirtan know exactly how he felt every time they met. The German took it like a gentleman, but if you looked deep into his eyes you could see the hate smouldering there for Ballard. There's what was between them—a deadly, unending, ever-renewing hate. Most of the studio sympathized with Kirtan.

But the kid was blind to everything but the fact that Ballard loved her, as—because he'd told her so—she believed he did.

Sometimes when I thought of what he was leading the kid into I felt sick again. But then I reached out and peered myself another drink.

When the week-end came around Ballard said to me, "We'll go up to Falcon Ridge for a couple of days. Just the two of us. I've sent the servants away for the week-end. I need quiet. You can get whatever I want."

I wondered about that—in between drinks. Falcon Ridge was his big stone house high over the ocean. Ballard wasn't the guy to go away on quiet week-ends. I wondered if he was taking the kid along, but he said he wasn't.

I was in the bar. I usually went to when Venusky came in. He had a drink now and again. He sat slumped side me. Every time he saw me he talked about the kid. Maybe he thought I could do something about

what Ballard was doing to her. I wasn't listening closely, but suddenly he said something that made me shiver in my seat. I turned to him. I said slowly, "What you just said—say that again?" He said it, looking at me kind of funny. I grabbed my glass that had it split in my hand. The bartender said, "Good God—" He kept seeing with a napkin. Venusky said, "Man, you're here!"

I pushed them both aside. I went out of the bar and walked. When I finished walking I went back home and went to bed. I couldn't sleep, but I didn't pour myself a drink. I just lay there thinking about what Venusky had said.

When we got up there Ballard and me weren't getting the place fixed up. Even though there was no one around to appreciate it, he liked to see the bar sparkling overlord. I had to drag it back for the fire, and set them running up the huge chimney.

Halfway through the evening meal he started, "What's the matter with you?" I could get more conversation out of a dead mouse. You haven't said two words since we left town." I said, "You wouldn't like what I'm thinking."

He started, "I never do. I can't even know how loving your thoughts had be towards me. Just like all the others. I don't know why I keep you around me. Maybe because I remember what you think you always do what I tell you to." He looked at me hard. He said, "I wonder sometimes what you wouldn't do for money for whisky."

I thought, you fool, if only you knew what I was thinking now you'd choke on these words.

He went out in on his thoughts.

He said, "Kirtan's coming here tonight."

I stared at him.

"Kirtan?"

"Yes."

"But—"

He started across the table at me.

"We're going to have a little talk. Kirtan said it's about time, for change German here. Three another leg on the fire."

I went slowly across to the fire. I was thinking, this will stop every-

thing. I hoped that I was right.

When the great hall at the big kitchen front door, one Ballard looked across at me. He said, "There'll be him. Let him in."

I went through to the door. It was Kirtan, all right. His face was white and set. I returned a little when he saw me. He knew that my heart wasn't in me. He approached the kid for Ballard. He said in his accented English, "I had to drive slowly. That road above the sea is very dangerous."

We went into the big room where Ballard was waiting. He was sipping a drink. He looked across at the door. He said, "Come in, Kirtan."

The German walked in. Ballard was looking at him with eyes narrowed like a cat's. He parried, "Fear our friend a drink?"

Kirtan moved his head. He was here. He said, "I don't want a drink. What did you want?"

Ballard moved slowly to the door. He turned the great key to in the lock. He pulled it out and moved with the speed of a cat to a side

opening open in the wall. He thrust the key to and shot the safe.

He turned around to look at Kirtan. His face was lined, but eyes glittering now. Kirtan was staring at him. He said, "What?"

Ballard started, "I'll tell you what, you German— I've taught you how to talk to me."

He glided across to the fireplace. He pulled down the big mantel and unrolled a scroll from above the mantel. He pulled down the other two scrolls that were around over one another before it and threw one of them aside. He handed the other one left-hand to Kirtan. Kirtan took it slowly. His face was white. He said, "But—"

Ballard's eyes were slight with a mad, vacant stare. He started, "I'm giving you a chance to fight. Take all your power." He was already in shirt-sleeves himself with the sleeve of his second-arm raised up. Kirtan stared at him. Suddenly the German put down the scroll he was holding, took off his coat and pulled up his sleeve. He took up the sword again. Ballard started, "You German"



died at your university. You went to see, so I'm told. You oughtn't to be entirely dishonest!" He sprang forward and clashed his sword against Kirtan's. The German, white face set in grim lines, flinched as sword up and drove Bolhard's away. Bolhard sprang in again. Kirtan, parrying desperately, gave ground. The steel striking tandem made a harsh, savage sound.

Kirtan kept giving ground. Bolhard's mouth was drawn back from his teeth like a wounded tiger's. He lunged violently at Kirtan. He struck. "That's a dangerous road, Kirtan, isn't it?" I'm going to kill you, Kirtan, and then we'll gang to carry your body to your old and drive it off the road into the water. You'll make women like a sword."

The German said nothing. He fought back desperately. Suddenly he'd stopped retreating. His sword was flashing in and out like a snake's tongue. Slowly he began to force Bolhard back. His sword was swinging through the air, and his feet were moving with the sure, lightning-quick, purposeful movements of a

master swordsman. Fear was beginning to crowd into Bolhard's face. His movements were less purposeful—more hasty. Twice only a desperate parry kept Kirtan's sword away from his face. He screamed at last, "You killed him—but him with something—not him—"

Kirtan moved in swiftly. His sword hit Bolhard with that of Bolhard's. He gave a powerful thrust. Bolhard's mounted, crumpled sword flew out of his grasp—a long sliver of steel. It clattered on the floor.

Kirtan stood back from Bolhard, panting. He said, "Remember you did not know was that I was my university's champion swordsman."

Bolhard was standing back, glaring at him. Suddenly he screamed at me. "Pick up that sword—get him—"

His face and eyes were better than his action had ever been, and would have been a trust for his face. A disconcerting trait.

Some twisted vanity in him made him believe that I'd stick now. After all, why shouldn't I? I'd done some swiftly loose things for him. But some twisted vanity in me re-

fused to be deceived. I knew what I had to do.

I leapt forward. I grabbed up Bolhard's sword. I swung it. Bolhard went back, hands up before his face, screaming. But it didn't do him any good. The sword cut deep into his head. He hit the floor and lay there, blood smearing a show, black pool on the rug beneath his head. He was quiet now.

I looked across at Kirtan. My voice sounded high and harsh. I said, "I'm going to burn that rug and then do with him what he said we were going to do with you. I was going to do that with him before all this started. I thought you'd stop me, but now I know you won't."

Kirtan said shakily, "But—"

I told him what Vronsky had told me about the kid.

After a while Kirtan said, "Oh." He didn't say anything else.

I went over and opened the side and got out the key. I went outside and got out the key Bolhard had driven up there in. I poked him up and took him out to it. I drove it up

the road a way, and then headed it over the side of the road. I jumped out before it reached the edge. When it hit the rocks down below it sounded like a steel factory being blown up.

I went back to the house. Kirtan had gone down to his car. He said shakily, "What are you going to do now?"

I said, "Thank the rug on that key fire, with the sword clean, and ring the cops. I'll tell them we were going up to the machine a few miles from here along where it happened. He often used to go there. He tried to take me along to show me off in his valet. I'll tell them I jumped clear." I patted his head. I said, "Take care of the kid."

He said shakily, "I will." He drove off. I watched his tail-light fade away to the tiny glow of a cigarette in the night.

I went back to the house.

I guess you've figured out that what Vronsky had told me was that the name of the kid's mother, who used to act, too, was Mary Mason.



ARCHIBALD THE MONUMENT, No. 41

SPiKE JONES

interlude

Disc Jockeyed by
GIBSON

Wonder what's on the air
tonight . . .

Well, well, if it isn't
"Cocktails for Two" . . . How
that reader brings back
memories . . .

"A quiet rendezvous that over-
looks the avenue . . . time to
time to add cocktails for two
Ah, what a night that
was



The moon was full and she
was in my arms . . . "My
heart runs racing, with an
anticipating feeling," the air
was filled with his per-
fume, my eyes lightened
about her slim figure

"Any afternoon at five,
we're glad that we're alive."
Ah . . . I ran my hand
over her golden hair . . .
she looked up into my eyes
our lips met and . . .



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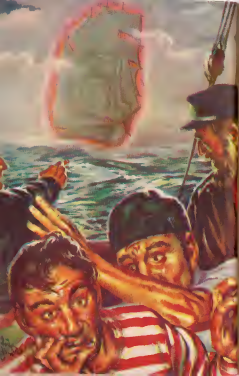
Women Are Much Maligned



With a heryl and a hol
And a nay, noay nol
And several other exclamations of the most profound delight
It's away for the day
To the sunny fields of play
Leaving women far behind us
(Don't remind us)
Till to night,
And the dog
On our swing
Is the jewel of our life
And the gloriating steel we shoulder
Is of stonish-sharped steel,
We will pull a brand new pill,
Smack it sweetly up the bill
Watch our partners leap,
And chill,
And talk about our cunning tricks,
It's the way
To spend a day
Free from feminine control,
It soothes the favored spirit
And it quiets the troubled heart
You can lay upon men among men
And party your soul
And forget the wrong trifles by which women make you smart
You can drive and lift and then explode
With wood and wire and spoon,
You can walk and hurt and lose and find
Till full of afternoon
You can creep through mud and grass and brush
And sand and velvet gloves
You can swing and draw and follow through
And come to hole eighteen,
And then you'll know—
That women's wily will
Is not as hard as a man's heart
As the wicked little pill

—Morris Mislead





The STORM SHIP SAILS Forever



IN July of the year 1811 the "Bechtheim," with two other ships, was sailing from Melbourne to Sydney. At 4 a.m. on the eleventh day the fearless lookout reported a strange brig crossing her bows.

In a voice strained with emotion, she was called, "Flying Dutchman off the port bow!"

To see the Flying Dutchman was to see Death.

In the log of the "Bechtheim" it goes this way, "A strange red light as if a phantom ship all aglow in the midst of which light the mast, spars and sails of a brig stood out in strong relief as she came up."

There was excitement and fear on board the "Bechtheim." The officer of the watch saw the ghost ship from the bridge, so did the quarter-deck watchmen, so did ten others of the crew.

Yet when, moments later, awakened sleepers tramped on to deck there was no sign of any material ship other than the two sailing with "Bechtheim," and these stood a long way off. It was a calm and clear night. The ghost ship had come and gone in the space of two or three minutes.

Nothing happened to "Bechtheim." At 10.15 that evening the man who had first seen the Flying Dutchman fell to his death from the fore-

most cross-tree and was, the log tell us, washed to sterna."

At Sydney the Admiral in command of the three ships died.

The explanation could be simple enough. Sailors were, mostly still, are, superstitious men. The lookout had seen the ghost ship and had believed he would die. In an over-swept state, with his mind more on death than on his work, he had lost his grip and fallen from the cross-trees.

The Admiral, maybe, would have died anyway. Ghost Ship or not.

The mysticists of the sea are many. Most can be dismissed as pure phantoms, but there are some things that cannot so easily be shrugged off. For many of the apparent mysteries there are rational explanations.

Of all the legends that of the Flying Dutchman is the most persistent. There are several Flying Dutchman legends the one generally told being that of Captain Vanderdecken, the violent, Godless master who was condemned by the Holy Ghost.

Driving his ship around the Cape of Good Hope in the teeth of a tempest, Vanderdecken stood on the bridge cursing like a madman and showing defiance at the elements. God, and arguing else he could by his language to the crew and passen-

LIFE in a haven is not all fun. One of the punishment rooms of the house of Solon White was underground. It was dark, except for a glimmer from a hole in the roof through which a great heavy square stone depended as a thick rope. The victim had to work a treadmill which moved the stone and kept it aloft as long as the traffic was in motion. The instant it stopped the stone crashed the unhappy wanderer to death.

guts were less happy about things. At the height of the storm the Holy Ghost appeared on the ship's ledge coming down in a mass of light.

Disturbed, Vanderdecken drew a pistol and tried to shoot the Holy Ghost. The bullet went through the palm of his own left hand. Vanderdecken tried to slash the Holy Ghost with the pistol butt. His arm was paralyzed.

Then the Holy Ghost pronounced judgment. Vanderdecken was condemned to end on his own, never repent, eternally prey to thirst and hunger. He would sail through the worst storms in the world and never make port until the day of final judgment. He should be a sign of misfortune to all who saw him on the sea.

Vanderdecken said alone. The legend does not tell what happened to the crew and passengers on that voyage, after the judgment.

Since the earliest days of maritime record there have been reports of the sighting of ghost ships, too many of them to be easily doubted. Nor do they have to be. Many of the "ghost ships" have been derelicts.

The haughty wanderings of some derelict ships over the face of the ocean form a special section of maritime history. Take the case of the

Yankee schooner Wyer O. Sergeant, abandoned by its crew off Cape Horn, when believed to be in a sinking condition.

The Wyer O. Sergeant did not go down for quite some time. A few days after the abandonment she was seen by another vessel some 500 miles away from the spot where the crew had left her. Then she apparently retraced her course, being later sighted in the neighborhood of her original site.

It is estimated that the Wyer O. crossed the north Atlantic five times before disappearing altogether. Imagine how many times she was taken by superstitions sailors for a "ghost ship," sailing on with no human hands to guide her or set her sails.

A more recent case is that of the Governor Peck, abandoned in October of 1883. She was sighted many times during the next year and was considered a grave menace to shipping. Government vessels tried many times to take her in tow, but always failed. She was said to be responsible. These she was seen on fire and blazed for a few days but was later seen sailing on as even, cool, with no fire burning. Where she went to after that, how many more times she was sighted, can only be a matter of guesswork.

Then there was the schooner Marlborough, which sailed from a New Zealand port on a January day in 1896. On board were 23 crewmen and a number of passengers.

Marlborough was sighted twenty-four years later off the coast of Chile. Her sails, open, declared her all rested away. On board were the skeletons of twenty people. What happened to her will never be known, or well it be known how many other ships sighted her and left her alone that ship of death.

Most daylight sightings of the Flying Dutchman was by port down to the appearance of derelicts, or to the mangle.

This phenomenon occurs at sea as well as on land. In 1844, at the port of Baykirk, Ireland, local women were seen entering harbors with a Feroe enter name way behind her. On examination it was found that

the 6-meter was there, all right, but a cutter could be located. And yet it was there when the police boat with the port engine on board went out towards it. The cutter simply vanished when the police boat came up to it.

Many of the ghost ships of sea lore, which were sighted for a few brief moments and then seen no more, must have been reflections of real ships making many, many miles away.

Belief in these legends was often put to good use by pirates in the old days. Instead of attacking these boys were by way of being the first psychologists. If sailors wanted ghost ships, the pirates would supply them. So they used to spread nets over the side of their ships, giving them from a distance the appearance of sea monsters. It was even this to the point of sea conference. Then they would pull themselves an arched dagger and leave colored lights all over their ships.

All of this gave them the double advantage of easy approach to their victims and the fact that these victims were well scared in advance. At the moment of battle, the sailors did not know whether they were coping with men or demons.

There is an English "ghost ship" story to which some credence is given. The story itself is fantastic enough. Two men, one master of a ship, one a sailor, both loved a girl from the town of Dorset. The girl married the captain, and the wedding was celebrated on board ship as she made her way to the coast.

As the ship passed the Goodwin Sands, fate put the helm into the hands of the disappointed sailor and he, in jealous rage, twisted the helm so that the ship went on to one of the Goodwin reefs. She went down, all hands were lost.

That was in the year 1726. The legend is that, every fifth anniversary the ship reappears and goes in to the rocks again, sinks again. There were eyewitnesses to the event in 1874, but no wreckage could be made on the 1885 anniversary because of dense fog that lay on the sea that day.

Most fables and legends of the sea

are of fairly old origin, and some out of the imagination and superstition of centuries as the days of sail. It is a paradox that the toughest men, faced with the unknown as sailors constantly were, because the most imaginative of men and the most easily scared.

The fantastic Flying Dutchman legend and every like it spread centuries only because of the interest and superstitions age in which they were originally created; but for many long years probably sustained they were a secret terror in the hearts of all who sailed.

Dr. Abraham Jones in a diary of a "Journey Round the Cape of Good Hope" in 1881, records that members of the crew warned him fearfully of the possibility of seeing the Flying Dutchman.

"Despite my knowledge that these stories were born of superstition and lowered by object ignorance," he wrote, "I could not fail to be impressed, nay, even struck, by the severity of their speech and the earnestness of the picture they presented to my mind."

Fear and superstition were encouraged by the officers of ships and used as one of the means by which they kept men under control. A common threat was that, in certain circumstances, the Flying Dutchman would "get them." It sounds like something you would be foolish to tell children but it often worked wonders where the sailors were concerned.

That the Dutch crew in the last great segment of the F.D. legend is no reflection on that people. To the Dutch seamen of earlier centuries, all foreigners were Dutchmen, and foreign ships were said to be reluctant to come to the aid of vessels in distress because of the trouble they would cause them. So the worst men at sea, the men condemned for ever to suffer an unpleasant fate for their evil ways, a "Dutchman."

But where is all this in the explanation for the ghostly ship undoubtedly seen by crew members of the Bechewe on her voyage from Melbourne to Sydney in 1847?

Some sea legends can be explained away reasonably, but not all of them.

murder

BY MAGIC



CRAB RICE

Disposing of your troubles should be a private affair, these killers thought.

LOVE—"that innocent lawyer-detective, John J. Malone, once remarked, "love, like murder, does not always wait upon the consent of the victim."

Moreover, people who murder people are not so thick of murder as a strictly private affair. They believe, to quote Maltese again, that "murder, like love, is the most intimate of human relationships, strictly a private matter between the murderer and the murdered."

"This is a story about a man and a doll. I know—you're saying this isn't the first time that a man got into trouble by getting mixed up with a doll. That wasn't that kind of a doll. And it wasn't a paper doll, either, the kind that a man "can sell his own."

The doll this man got mixed up with was a magic doll, a voodoo doll. To look at it, it was just a little rag doll, and it sure was too. But it killed two people and sent a third one to the New Mexico State Asylum for the Insane.

It didn't look like anything special in the way of murder cases. Not at first. Just two poor people, apparently murdered, in a shabby, tumble-down shack in Alameda, New Mexico, a suburb of Albuquerque.

One of the two murderers, a man of about 25, lay on the bed with knife wounds around the heart. The other, a woman between 45 and 50, lay dead on the floor. She too had been stabbed in the heart and in addition the killer had knifed her face to ribbons. The man on the bed was clothed only in his undershirt. The woman was fully clothed except for shoes and stockings.

Rodriguez is an angry mother to understand. So is jealousy. But there were two things that pointed to something stranger and more unusual in the way of a motive. One was a doll that stood on a shelf in the dining room. It was dressed like a man, and it held a small pouch in its right arm. The pouch was made of two pieces of red velvet. The other, a knife in the drawer. It had some

words in it, and on top of it lay a bundle of hair, arranged in the form of a cross.

Any ordinary police officer might have dismissed all such evidence, as even failed to notice anything unusual about it. But it so happened that one of the officers investigating the crime was a man who was familiar with the ways of the Latin-American mind. He decided at once that the witchcraft angle was not one to be lightly dismissed.

It was Acemundo Beltrán who identified this victim. He was on the scene when police arrived, and he introduced himself as a friend of the dead man.

"Yes, Montoya and I have been friends for about a year," Acemundo told the police. "He works on the Puerto macho, about fifteen miles from Albuquerque. I loved Montoya and he sent me when I arrived here the morning."

Acemundo also volunteered the information that Jacinto, the man, was married. Her husband, Alfredo Ruiz, was a travelling salesman, he said, and he had seen him only a few times.

Outside the house the officers found other, less supernatural, evidence. Footprints marked the house. One set made with ordinary men's shoes, the other set made with cowboy boots. You could tell by the high heels. And fifty feet from the house, in the back yard near a chicken house, they came upon evidence of witchcraft again. A freshly dug grave! A small one, only sixteen inches in diameter and about nine inches deep. Just big enough to bury a small doll—and fit it up again. For that, as this shrewd police officer knew, was part of the voodoo ritual.

The rag doll was made when a person wishes to bewitch someone. It is called "the Devil." When you want to bewitch somebody you get hold of the intended victim's personal possessions or a lock of hair. Then you use these things into a small pouch and tie the pouch to the Devil's arm. Then you dig a grave and bury the doll, together with some "hot" words.

Checking on the witchcraft angle

detectives were told out at the ranch where Montoya worked that a man named Jack Rutledge, one of those foot-loose "See America First" adventurers who was touring the country in a kind of covered wagon construction, had told of picking up a brickbaker who kept saying he was bewitched and had to get to Albuquerque right away. Rutledge had told the ranch hands that the man was short, slight and had a dark mustache, that he picked him up at Laguna and brought him to Albuquerque.

This description did not fit Alfredo, nor anybody else as far known to have any connection with the case.

That was how matters stood when detectives, having found Alfredo Ruiz, brought him in for questioning. Mr. Ruiz was sorry about Jacinto, but he was angry too.

As to his whereabouts on the night of the murder, Alfredo was first and explicit. He was in Santa Fe business, selling spurs and chaps, and he had slept that night in a Santa Fe hotel. This story Alfredo stuck to, even when clerks at the hotel said they had no record of his visit.

For the time being, anyway, the police had one suspect in custody. But now another suspect vanished. "Buffy" Morgan, a hard head who had driven Montoya into town on the Saturday evening, knew the bodies were found, and was presumably the last person to see him alive.

What with devil dolls and voodoo suspects this case might have been a trying one for the police, but things began to look up again when detectives searched the area around the murder house turned up a bundle of bloody clothes. They had found the bundle in a deserted shack on the edge of town, about a mile from the Ruiz house. There were dirt on the floor, and the detectives reported finding footprints in the dirt, footprints of cowboy boots, like the ones found in the backyard of the Ruiz house. And that wasn't all they found. On a small, three-legged table was a jar of water and a crudely-made cross of wood. Witchcraft again!

The bundle of blood-stained clothes was opened and examined. It con-

found underfoot, a short hair brush, and a pocket knife with a blade five inches long. The window was open. There were also the footprints around the door, some two pairs of shoes, one rubber boot-prints and the other set of plain rubber shoe-prints.

It was the story of Chasleville all over again with a difference. As it turned out, there were too many glass slippers and too many Cordobans. The plain man's shoe prints raised the shoes of Amanda Batista, the young man who had been as helpful in identifying the workman when the police first entered the case. But in spite of some discrepancies in his first story, there was nothing to be done to the crime.

Neither of the glass slippers fitted the other Chasleville that the police had in custody, Alfredo Bess. Nor did a fingerprint on the window all fit him. But there was now evidence that Josefa had recently killed a person bound to restrain her. It is bothering her, and detectives checking reported that he and Josefa were not married at all. Josefa, it seemed, was still married to a man named Ignacio Cordoba, who lived in Winslow, Arizona. They had been separated a long time but never divorced.

"How did you find that out?" Alfredo asked when police confronted him with the facts. But he admitted it was true. "Yes it's true all right," he said. "I loved Josefa very much and she loved me. But she could not divorce this man in Arizona. She said it was not her religion. She said she would bear him. Put the spell on her. When he died then we could be married."

And according to Bess's story, that was just what Josefa did. She put the hex on her husband, Ignacio Cordoba, but she, young widow, time and Bess was getting impatient.

"After a while I began to get mad," Alfredo went on to tell. "This man in Arizona did not do it. I kept telling Josefa I wanted to marry her. I told her that many times. And then she got mad and told me she'd get the law and make me stay away from her."

From Alfredo police got the name of the hotel where Ignacio was staying.

Arizona police, on seeking inquiries, found he had left Winslow and after visiting the coast for a time they lost track of him entirely, but they'd managed to obtain a description of him. He was about 350, had dark wavy hair and wore a mustache. That was a perfect description of the man that Jack Heildel, the cross-country traveller with the cowboy wagon had picked up at Laguna and brought to Albuquerque. The man who kept talking about being blind.

It was Ignacio, all right, but time had passed, and now the trail was cold. There was only one really good possibility of finding the wooden murderer now. If the same superstitious fear that had driven him to kill would now drive him to return to the scene of his crime or at least to the wooden water and the wooden cross in the deserted house on the outskirts of Albuquerque.

And that was exactly what happened. Ignacio was picked up that very night by the guard stationed at the deserted house, as he was starting to crawl in through an old broken window.

And he was still wearing the cowboy boots.

At first he denied all knowledge of the crime even when shown the blood-soaked clothes and the pocket knife. But when they took him to the wonder house and confronted him with the devil doll, the hex words and the knife and work in the form of a cross, he broke down and cried out in agonized terror.

"Please! Please don't make me look at those things. I killed them."

After telling Josefa he turned and saw Montoya standing in the bedroom doorway.

"I hated to do it," Cordoba said, "but I knew that was my only chance to get away. I stabbed him."

"And what about the Devil?"

"I dug it up from the backyard," Ignacio went on to relate. "I was afraid to destroy it, so I brought it back to the house and put it where you found it. I knew I'd feel better."

At an insanity hearing Cordoba was declared insane and committed to the State asylum near Las Vegas.



"Will moderns please pass the sugar?"



CUT-THROATS' HEY-DAY

A massacre that horrified the world and gave the English North America

"THE first native-born American to enter recorded history achieved his distinction through a massacre that horrified all Christendom. Yet it is because of the heinousness he directed that the inhabitants of North America today murder the English, instead of the Spanish, language.

Long before any British thought of settling at Jamestown, a Spanish fleet sailed up the Patuxent River and dropped anchor within sight of the spot where, later, John Smith is reported to have first lured the Apian-Saxon culture into the Indians. The fleet carried a force of Spanish cut-throats intent upon adding that part of the New World to the Spanish Empire.

Admiral P. Menéndez was killed in each matter. His technique had never failed. Instead of making war

on the native Indians, he converted them to Christianity, using a number of ingenious devices for the purpose.

First of all, he sent missionaries with gifts, to win the natives' confidence, and to learn their language, so that they could detect any heinous among them. Being assured the heathens they could not fail to find heinous, and they headed the most outspoken of these over to Menéndez.

What was then done to the heathens made a deep impression on the remaining Indians. Their peace, savage because had never conceived heretics so refined. Small bits of virtuous bodies were slowly—very slowly—torn apart. Their screams and their shivering remains, which still quivered with agonized life, made eager converts of the surviving heathens.

The next step was a marketplace of direct logic. When the natives had

all submitted to the will of Menéndez's God, he revealed that the God, now their own God, had appointed the King of Spain to rule over them. God had given the King of Spain all their lands. They must all become slaves of their Spanish masters. To countenance was a defiance of a Divine Decree—it was heresy, and they had seen what happened to heretics. Menéndez' method had never failed.

On the banks of the Patuxent, he and his missionaries were welcomed with great hospitality. The children of the Apianes sent his own son to greet them—a handsome young man who threw the Admiral completely off balance by addressing him in perfect Spanish.

The young Indian was so extremely charming that he won Menéndez's affection. The seaver expressed with more assurance, that the God of his own had bestowed the gift of tongues upon him. The Spanish missionaries were quick to inform him that there was but one God—the God of the Spanish and that his duty was a divine act of Hell.

The young Indian eagerly accepted their reproach and spread with them which upset the Spaniards. But the really important thing is that the missionaries, and their devout Admiral, themselves believed this nonsense. If they had not believed it, no doubt they would have looked further into the matter. They might have discovered the genuine Spanish noblemen who lived strictly with this Indian tribe, removed by them, and who, from safe vantage, was observing the conference between the Indians and Spaniards.

Of course, Menéndez knew of the letters in Mexico, years earlier, that had brought a series of court noblemen into deference. In Mexico, when a Spanish nobleman had been at Court, he was shown into a dunce. There, in the approved manner, he was quickly poisoned after which an honorable burial made everyone happy—except the dead nobleman.

This particular Spaniard did not want to be fooled and poisoned. He had discovered without a trace, and the Admiral was in Spain, when it

was too late, that the noblemen did not permit in the forest, that he possessed the North American Continent to fit at the Patuxent River, where the Apianes overthrew him as a God.

The advice he gave to the chief—don't see them the Spaniards in an awkward position. Naturally, they did not explain that they had come to reduce the Indians to slavery. Instead, they explained that they wanted the Apianes Indians to enjoy the blessing of the True Faith. To their dismay, the young Indian spread.

He wished that his people certainly must enjoy these blessings. Further, he wished to convert them himself. He was their future ruler. As such he could have selection in them more effectively than anyone else, and he would be in a position to enforce obedience to their new God. All that he required was proper instruction in the Faith. Menéndez must take him away, to a city of Christians, where the High Priests of the Spanish would instruct him. Then, when he returned, the souls of his tribe would be saved, and the glory of Spain exalted.

The missionaries were disappointed to detect no heresy. The aged noblemen grumbled, as they looked their backs in defeat, and the experts as before were openly disappointed. It was awkward, but as after so handsome could not be rejected.

They conspired themselves with the knowledge that their tribe would come. No matter how willingly a nation might accept their teachings, heathens were rare to appear when they were called upon to submit to slavery. Then the maps would gradually tear out offending heathens; then their small powers would remain, a little by a little, and heathens after another that, at last, they would proudly demonstrate their devotion for stretching a man till he became much larger.

Menéndez took a broader view of the matter. That continent, he knew, was vast and rich. If this accomplished young Indian were properly handled, he could be used to win all North America for Spain.

So the journey went to Mexico and, at a luncheon, he became the Prince of Ajacua. In a great cathedral, he was crowned Don Louis, and was awarded royal rank. Because he learned with great speed, and accepted dogmas without question, he became the darling of his religious instructors. Because he credited both at dancing and at love-making he became a favorite of the Spanish nobility. He went to Spain, where he was honored by the Court, favored by the King, and where, on return, he considered successful escapades without meriting reproach. In consequence, everyone agreed that he was very fully equipped to instruct his people.

It is doubtful, of course, if the young Prince of Ajacua was a sincere Christian. On the other hand, it is certain he was an American. Certainly he was a list of some provokably. He set all Spain agog with his description of the American golden cities of Ajacua, in which marble and precious stones were sometimes used to build, only because pure gold needed strengthening.

With five children, he patronized the grandest nobles of the Spanish Court, as he compared their social cities with the glories of Ajacua. Neither Hollywood nor Hearst has been able to reach his dizzy heights of human lying. And he combined an unbridled lust with a fervent religious devotion. It is no wonder that robes and titles were showered upon him.

When it came to the point of returning to Ajacua, at taking back to his own people the blessings of Spanish culture, the Prince desisted. He held back, and he fell into entire disfavor at Court. He knew what that meant. He knew that it meant a dungeon prison, and death. In addition, he knew what to do. He took to the woods.

He disappeared from Mexico but not from history. After a few months of wandering, at good health and high spirits he reached a French settlement in Florida. The chief business of these French was to wander, to rob and to traffic. Spanish ships loaded with treasure

He knew that the Spanish were preparing to wipe out their last of people. Before long, his old friend, Adonai Mendez would lead a fleet against it, as Don Louis pretended to be a friend of the French. He "joked" them about, and loved with them, all the time spread out their fortifications and the secrets of their armaments. He hoped that the fleet would be taken only if it were approached through a treacherous swamp. He he learned all the secrets of the swamp.

As the Spanish fleet approached, the young prince called the American prince away from the French. It took him aboard Mendez' flag ship. On the advice of Don Louis, the Spaniards landed a few miles away from the fortress, and in the dead of night the Prince led them through the swamp. He had even procured the keys of the secret, and he opened it to them.

What followed was in the best traditions of colonial warfare. The Spaniards crept on their cowered faces while they were still asleep. They cut their throats, they hacked off their heads, they disemboweled and disembowelled them. They surprised on the Commander of the fort with a sword and, but they spared the lovely blonde who shared his bed. She stood naked and terrified, and watched her paramour being hacked to pieces. As word passed day at his eyes as criticism exploded his secrets, the Spaniards forgot the crumbling courtyard and the bed.

Blood streaked the floor of every dwelling. It streamed from every bed and, of all the French only three were exempt to the woods and remained alive.

The Prince of Ajacua was a savage who, we may assume, would enjoy slaughter on that scale. But he was prepared the ground, he let others do the actual fighting. In fact, it was he who escorted the little French blonde to the safety of the swamp. He showed her beauty and he had heard that she possessed a surprising variety of amusements.

Years afterwards she recorded by virtue of the fall of the French fortress. She made it unbelievable

slow that while threats were being made, the prisoners were screaming and screaming in agonized terror. Ajacua was enjoying herself very thoroughly in the woods nearby.

This episode is attributed to the Prince in favor of the Spanish Court. He retained to his former friends, and was again named as the King of Spain. But now the question of converting Ajacua to Spanish slavery was put to him and he knew there was no escape.

So the American became outraged by the suggestion that he was trying to escape or to evade his duty. He was right to suspect his people he wanted. He wanted to get out of Ajacua. Further, he demanded that a sign of dignity of the Church should accompany him to be confirmed in a public cathedral, in the chief city of Ajacua.

Don Louis' impatient and first three around him. A Bishop, a man of great wealth, was assigned to be the expedition, along with six priests and

three ambitious monks. They took with them the most armoured of threats and sailed eastward.

The heathen natives welcomed their Prince with wild enthusiasm. They welcomed him friends with affection and respect. To be sure, there were no fine cities to be seen, no towers of ivory and ivory virgin fables. In every other regard things went smoothly.

Without exception the people agreed to embrace the true faith, on their Prince's advice. After they had been baptized, they built a temporary chapel, and the sacraments were celebrated without any hint of hurry. Once again the natives lacked their herbs and the sacraments crumbled.

The Indians provided their guests with everything they needed. Already winter was setting in however. The Prince was freezing over the feet would be trapped. So, on the advice of the Bishop, the fleet sailed away to return in the spring.



with means of dealing with any heresy that might develop in the narrative.

In that moment that the ship, with their implements of death and torture, had gone beyond recall, the Prince of Apasco spoke again to his people and now they obeyed. They stripped the people's huts of all food. They removed every man, every knife, every implement by which fuel could be cut, or food processed. They left the priests to starve—and at the mercy of a better wilder.

Don Louis possessed none of the tools by which civilized Spaniards tortured their victims, but he made the most of the means at his disposal. The clerics ate roots and wild berries, they survived in constant misery, they saw sons, sisters, brothers and teen brides sold manfully.

When they were at the point of death, the Prince returned. The tribe prostrated a knot. With a great show of repentance, they placed the food before the starving men. Overcome, the Bishop burst into tears of gratitude. He stood up to answer the curse he had pronounced on them. As his fingers were raised, celebratory, the Indians seized him. They seized the priests. They seized the novices—except one, who had found a friend in the forest, and was no longer of the clerical party.

I am not permitted to describe the appalling mutilations the savages inflicted. They dealt with the missionaries one at a time. They worked slowly, in the approved Spanish fashion, while the horrified Bishop was compelled to look on. The Prince, too, looked on. He had returned to recovery but now he wore a smile of bored amusement, learned from Spanish Grandees when they watched the tortures of heretics.

All this was recorded in swelling detail, by the novice who escaped. He escaped because that mercenary Spaniard, who had taught the Prince to speak, was still living among the Apasco Indians; and because the boy had golden hair, a pure soprano voice, and was strongly complimentary. The youngest of the party looked, the old novice had noticed, the fresh cheeks and blue eyes of the novice. Even while the chapel was being built, he

got a message to the boy, and reached an understanding. The two were together, safe in the woods, while the massacre proceeded.

In the spring, the Spanish fleet returned to stakes Apasco, but, in all the wild forest, only two human beings were to be found. Don Louis had led his tribe across the Blue Ridge Mountains to a new home. There remained, to greet Mirandes, only the sweet-voiced novice and the aging Spanish negotiator.

The Admiral recognized the bitter old novice, and he realized then that he had lost his bid for North America because, throughout, he had contended against an adversary he could not see.

Still, the renegade was a nobleman. As such, his rightful place was at Mirandes' table, and the dejected gentlemen took his place. After all those years in the wilderness, he still displayed the graceful charms of a Grandee. His manners were flawless, so Mirandes placed wine on the table. And then, deftly, unseen by the Admiral, he reversed the glass.

Mirandes died quickly, without any pain. Many years were to pass before the famous John Smith, because of his white skin and the bad reputations white skins had among the Indians, was at the sacrificial fire, about to lose his life, when Pocahontas, with an uncharacteristically feminine streak, dashed forward to save the brave man's life.

And it was from that action that the Redskins learned that all whitish men aren't out to enslave them. They accepted Smith.

They began to get an understanding that the British weren't slaveholders, rapist and rapists. They began to give the white man room.

The circle may say that if the white man hadn't been given room, he'd have taken it. He may say that the Indians lost their primitive aggression. But they didn't lose their rights as human beings.

The difference has made North America a British-speaking, instead of a Latin land—a difference the importance of which cannot be overestimated in assessing the world position now.



"People tell me I'm wooden-headed!"

RADIUS SUNSHINE HOME

Cavalade's first Radius Sunshine Home possessed so much favorable comment that a second suggestion on similar lines is here presented. The general principle is that the house is planned on a radial curve facing into the sunshine. By this means the sun is brought into the principal rooms for the greater part of the day.



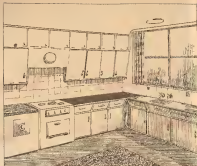
THE HOME OF TO-DAY (No. 44)
PREPARED BY W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.



Large windows occupy most of the wall space on the sunny side of the house, with wide, projecting eaves and extended pergola to afford protection during the hottest months. The general sweeping lines give the house a pleasing appearance, which is modern in the extreme. The flexible shape makes it possible to place the house on almost any portion on the building lot, varying it to suit the width of the lot and the points of the compass.

In the perspective sketch the house is covered with a roof that is almost flat and this is probably the least satisfactory from the point of view of appearance. However, the use of a more conventional type of roof does not offer any great difficulties.

The plan of this house is simple and straightforward. The entrance door is placed in a recessed porch, to give protection from all weathers. It opens into



a circular hall, which provides direct access to the living room, the two bedrooms, and the bathroom. The bedrooms are fitted with ample built-in wardrobe space, and the equipment in the bathroom is in keeping with modern standards. There is a separate shower room.

Double doors, or a wide arched opening, lead into the living room, a feature of which is the semi-circular and the incorporates a recessed fireplace, while windows from floor to ceiling take up half the wall space.

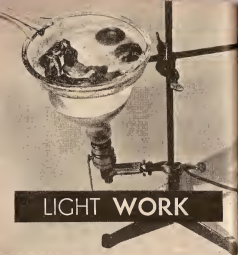
The dining room adjoins the living room, and can become part of it for entertainment purposes. The kitchen opens directly off the dining room. The sketch on this page shows a portion of the kitchen which incorporates new features shown here for the first time in Australia. There are sloping fronts to the under-counter drawers, which ensure knee space as well as toe space, and sloping upper cupboards, which provide more headroom over the worktop space.

The plan as shown can be accommodated on land with a width of 66 feet. The total area is 15 squares, so that at the rate of \$150 per square, the building cost would be \$2,250.

Charmers Play
LIFE WITH FATHER
 PRESENTED BY
IRENE DUNNE
 WITH
WILLIAM POWELL
 AND **ELIZABETH TAYLOR**
EDMUND GWENN
ZASU PITTS
 DIRECTED BY **MICHAEL CURTIZ**
 From the Original Play by
HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE
 From Oscar Straet's Stage Production
 Screen Play by Oswald Stender Screened
 Adapted by Max Elster

WARNER BROS.
FINEST AND FUNNIEST!
ON THE SCREEN!
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR!

SEE IT! THE BIGGEST LAUGH EVER



LIGHT WORK

THE GADGET doing the unspeakable job on the breakfast eggs and bacon is an Infra Red Lamp. Its aggressiveness as a body heater ended, its therapy has spread to the home where it heats many of the cuts in time inflated by the day's work as well as simple aches. The eggs and bacon cook in a few minutes to assistant perfection. **At Right** Wet paint stains are set with this work lighter that dries paint within a few minutes.



USED FOR BEAUTY the infra-red lamp takes away the ache from strained muscles and is versatile enough to help work up a quick run-in at the beginning of the bathing season. Infra-red "sun" bathing as to coin a phrase "good for you".



NO MORE WORRIES about time to dry the evening glory. Bony glaze can wash the tresses at night, and dry them quickly and thoroughly with the lamp that cooked the breakfast.



THE GADGET ITSELF gets its warming power from these six simple parts that make up the bulb. It can be plugged in an ordinary current to become your household gem—a lamp of a slave!



IT'S USEFUL, TOO.—For the assurance that gives you that well-tended look, call in the lamp. It'll make a perfect job of drying your fingers in less time than it takes to paint a single nail.

DEFROSTING THE FRIG.—In a few minutes there with the lamp held a short distance from the freezing vest. In cold climates it has been successfully used for thawing out our amuses for easy starting.



EVEN THE DOG has his day with the lamp. Both day is no longer a canine nightmare, he dries from a short application of infra-red rays, which also kills fleas and keeps him free from other parasites.



THIS IS NOT A CAGE It is a special tester where the infrared rays are subject to various tests in an air-conditioned room, while a trained assistant makes careful note of results.

MEDICINE ON THE MARCH



IT has been found that methadon, a potent new synthetic substance, for morphine, which has recently come on the market, can cause addiction or drug habit, just as morphine itself can.

PROSPERITY for cure of lymphoid tumors, which are a kind of cancer, by X-ray treatment, are bright. The X-ray treatment is used to shrink the tumor, relieve pain, and if the disease is in the early stages, can effect a cure.

VERTIGO, a disease resulting frequently from disease of the middle ear or severe brain disease, has been relieved by the use of streptomycin, the solid chemical which has proved a valuable remedy for many infections.

GERMS from the sea may become future weapons against cancer. It has been found that cancer-causing petroleum hydrocarbons are among the chemicals which marine bacteria can decompose. Experiments are now being carried out.

A NEW synthetic drug which holds promise of relieving slight suffering of asthma-affected persons has been reported by Dr. Milton M. Hershman of San Francisco. The sedative effect of the drug, and its ability to check wheezing, shortness of breath and coughing enables the patient to get a good night's sleep.

A CHEMICAL extracted from logwood trees, hemostaylin, used

with heparin, may prove helpful in treating a variety of venous and certain blood diseases. Experiments have not yet been completed.

BACTHRACIN, one of the new antibiotic chemicals of the penicillin class, will soon be on the market. Bacthracin was used at first to treat surface infections by local application, but has now been proved so that it can be safely given by injection in cases where the infection has spread beyond the local area and is involving the body generally.

GERMS of athlete's foot and various other fungi and peroxide plants which cause disease in man, were knocked out with tomatin, a new addition to the family of antibiotics, made by peeling juice from leaves and stems of the tomato plant.

BACTHRACIN, a germ taken from a badly infected leg wound, yields a disease-fighting chemical effective against boils, osteomyelitis, typh and ulcers.

A NEW drug, dibenzamine, and penicillin may be effective in averting death from shock following severe bleeding.

IT has been found that vitamin D is a dererous preparation in the hands of untrained persons. No popularly used vitamin D preparation is safe from producing kidney disease, calcium deposits and other toxic symptoms unless the substance is given under medical supervision.

The Bishop's Wife



STORY OF THE SAMUEL GOLDWYN FILM,
STARRING GARY GRANT AND LORETTA
YOUNG, RELEASED BY R.K.O. RADIO
PICTURES. ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL SELBIN.

WHEN THE BISHOP'S WIFE
COMES HOME LATE FOR A
COMMITTEE MEETING, SHE
KNOWS THE MEETING HAS
ALREADY LED TO TROUBLE.
THE BISHOP WORRIED...

SO SOREY I'M LATE--



I FEAR, BISHOP, THAT I
MADE A GRAVE ERROR IN
JUDGEMENT WHEN I HAD
YOU MADE A BISHOP /
YOU'RE INEFFECTUAL!



SINCE WEALTHY MRS. HAMILTON
USED HER INFLUENCE TO HAVE
HIM MADE A BISHOP, HENRY
BROUGHAM HAS BEEN WORRIED.
HIS PLANS FOR A NEW
CATHEDRAL HAVE GONE
ASTRAY, HIS HOME LIFE IS
GROULED BY HIS OVERWORK.



DINNER IS INTERRUPTED BY
A PHONE CALL REMINDING
HIM THAT HE HAS EN-
GAGEMENTS TOMORROW
MAKING IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR
HIM TO TAKE HIS WIFE OUT.



IN AN EFFORT TO RECAPTURE
DOMESTIC HAPPINESS, THE
BISHOP PROMISES THAT
TOMORROW HE AND HIS
WIFE WILL LUNCH AT AN
OLD FAVORITE HAUNT.



WORRIED SICK BY OVERWORK
AND THE PROSPECT OF HIS
MARRIAGE BREAKING UP,
THE BISHOP IS ALONE
IN HIS STUDY...



A STRANGE MAN COMES
UNSEEN INTO THE STUDY,
AND SAYS HE WAS IN-
STRUCTED TO COME IN
ANSWER TO THE BISHOP'S
PRAYER, TO HELP OUT--



THE STRANGER SAYS HE
IS AN ANGEL, AND HIS
NAME IS DUDLEY. THE
BISHOP REFUSES TO
BELIEVE HIM...



WHEN THE BISHOP'S WIFE
INTRUDES, THE ANGEL
INTRODUCES HIMSELF --

I'M DUDLEY.....YOUR
HUSBAND HAS ENGAGED
ME TO HELP HIM.....



HAVING REFUSED TO PROVE
HIMSELF BY WORKING A
MIRACLE, DUDLEY DISAPPEARS



THE FOLLOWING MORNING,
WHEN THE BISHOP EXPLAINS
HE CANNOT TAKE HIS WIFE
TO THE PROMISED LUNCH
SHE IS ANGRY. DUDLEY
WALKS IN QUIETLY,
WITNESSES THE QUARREL.

I'M SORRY, DARLING, BUT
THERE'S A CON--



THE BISHOP SUGGESTS
THAT DUDLEY WORK A
MIRACLE TO PUT EVERY-
THING RIGHT, AND DUDLEY
ASKS PERTINENTLY --

DO YOU WANT YOUR WIFE --
--- OR A CATHEDRAL ?



WHEN THE BISHOP GOES
OFF TO HIS APPOINTMENTS
DUDLEY STARTS TO TAKE
CARE OF THE NEGLECTED
FILING SYSTEM.....



DUDLEY SEES JULIA GOING
OUT ALONE, KNOWS HER
DISAPPOINTMENT ABOUT
THE BROKEN LUNCH DATE,
AND FOLLOWS HER ---



THE BRAND
WITH A PEDIGREE



TOP DOG MEN'S & BOYS WEAR
IS ALWAYS DEPENDABLE

MEETING THE BISHOP'S WIFE IN THE PARK, DUDLEY TALKS WITH HER, INVITES HER TO LUNCH AT THE RESTAURANT WHERE SHE WAS GOING WITH THE BISHOP.



DUDLEY ORDERS LUNCH IN FRENCH ~~~~~

YOU SPEAK FRENCH BEAUTIFULLY!

I HAD A QUITE A BIT OF WORK TO DO IN PARIS ~~~



JULIA AND DUDLEY BECOME AWARE THAT SOME OF THE BISHOP'S CONGREGATION ARE WATCHING, HESITANT TO SEE THE BISHOP'S WIFE LUNCHING WITH ANOTHER MAN.



DUDLEY SAVES THE SITUATION BY INVITING THE SCANDALIZED PARISHIONERS TO JOIN JULIA FOR COFFEE, EXPLAINS THAT HE IS THE BISHOP'S ASSISTANT ~~~~~



LEAVING THE RESTAURANT, DUDLEY AND THE BISHOP'S WIFE MEET AN OLD PROFESSOR, A FRIEND OF JULIA'S, WHO INVITES THEM TO HIS ROOMS FOR SHERRY ~~~



THE PROFESSOR POLLS SHERRY FOR HIS GUESTS.

HOW IS YOUR BOOK GOING?



For long drinks

Gilbey's Gin and Dry Ginger Ale, Lemonade or any Mineral Water, Ice and slices of lemons



or short

WHITE LARD Half Gilbey's Gin, Quarter Gilbey's White Cognac, Quarter Lemon Juice Shake well!



TEN NEGROES AND GOLD DUST



They unwillingly started a profitable export trade.

Prince Henry the Navigator, one of the outstanding sailors of all time, was cruising along the Atlantic coast of Africa in the hot summer of 1443 when one of his officers, Antao Gonsalves, captured some Moors, much to Henry's displeasure. Ordered to return them to their people, Gonsalves did so with bad grace, but the Moors, in turn, presented him with some gold dust and ten Negro slaves.

That incident started the Negro slave trade, and soon Negroes were being shipped to Spain and Portugal in large numbers. Later, when Nicolas de Covardo went to Haiti as Governor, he was instructed to "protect" the Indian natives. And so, Negroes were shipped across the Atlantic as slaves. Actually, this "protection" of the Indians was due to the protests of the Bishop of Chafia. It was he, in fact, who suggested that every Spaniard in Haiti should be permitted to import a dozen Negro slaves. The good Bishop later admitted that his idea was not sound. The natives of Haiti were still oppressed, and the treatment of the Negroes was even worse. But it was too late

to turn back, and the Emperor Charles granted one of his Flemish favorites the exclusive right to sell 4999 Negroes annually in Haiti, Cuba, Jamaica and Porto Rico. The favorite wisely sold the right to Genoese merchants for 25,000 ducats for every European country was now entering the trade with vigour.

Strangely enough, out of the agony and misery of slave trading, there arose one good development . . . life insurance. Masters of ships would insure their cargo, and though it was only incidental that the cargo was composed of human beings, from this grew the idea of insuring the lives of the ship's crews, and in turn, the lives of all free men for the security of themselves and their dependants.

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YOU'LL FINISH IT!



—AND UPSTAIRS IN HER BOLDVOR THE BISHOP'S WIFE LOOKS HAPPIER THAN SHE HAS BEEN FOR A LONG TIME. THE BISHOP HIMSELF NOTICES IT, CANNOT UNDERSTAND WHY



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THE BOYS WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU!



AT THE CHURCH THE BOYS CING FOR THE BISHOP'S WIFE DUDLEY CHEERS THEM, AND THE BISHOP DOESN'T SEEM TO BE NIPSED.....



DUDLEY SUGGESTS THEY GO SKATING TOGETHER...



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AFTER A PLEASANT
 SKATING INTERLUDE
 JULIA AND DUDLEY
 GO HOME ~~~~~

I'M HAVING SO MUCH
 FUN IT SEEMS WICKED!



RETURNING HOME FROM
 HIS VISIT TO MRS
 HAMILTON, THE BISHOP IS
 FRUSTRATED AND PLOWS
 TO DISCOVER THAT JULIA
 AND DUDLEY HAVE BEEN
 OUT FOR SO LONG ~~~~

THE BISHOP SAYS HE HAS
 TALKED MRS HAMILTON
 INTO A REASONABLE
 FRAME OF MIND DUDLEY
 ACCUSES HIM OF
 SACRIFICING HIS PRINCIPLES



DUDLEY DECIDES TO
 CALL ON MRS HAMILTON,
 HAS SOME DIFFICULTY
 IN GETTING THE BUTLER
 TO ANNOUNCE HIM ~~~~

WHILE WAITING TO BE
 ANNOUNCED, DUDLEY
 WANDERS INTO A DRAWING
 ROOM AND IN AN ELABORATE
 BOX HE DISCOVERS ~~~~





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EIGHT FURLONGS TO A MILE

Eddie went back. Everybody hoped he'd changed, and they needed him.

★ FRANK SARAO

EDDIE stood under the big clock, waiting for the bell to take hold of him again. It was slow in coming. All around him were people who had come back, and they were glad to be back, and you could see they were glad. Maybe the difference between these people and Eddie was that they knew where they were going. They had come back to something.

Eddie drilled. There were no old familiar faces. Even the language seemed different after the slow speech

of the Queensland outback. Eddie boarded a train for the city.

In the train it was better. Two men in front of him were talking over Saturday's race. It seemed a percentage of familiarity but was, so that the talk was not bitter. Eddie had not read the papers. Now he learned that Sea Challenges had fallen, broken a leg, been destroyed. The horse had been a rising five-year-old. Eddie remembered it only as a green two-year-old that ran wild in the back stretch. He had ridden it the same

day he had ridden War March. And when War March there had been no more rides for Eddie, not for two years and maybe never.

Then a hand was laid on Eddie's shoulder. He turned and looked into the face of the man behind him, seeing wrinkled brows and a crooked smile. The voice said, "You're Eddie Lambert, aren't you?"

"You," Eddie said, waiting for it.

"Well, what d'you know? Dirty Eddie," the big man said to his face. "You a friend of May's? He'll be glad to know you're back."

"Till but he will." Eddie twisted around in the seat and said, "And you can tell him, run. No time. The hell with them."

The man laughed, and said, "Right. I'll tell him that."

Eddie left the train and went down the street to the lobby of the cheap hotel. They had kept a room for him. He went up to the room and unlocked his key and lay on the bed. He was alone. There was no feeling to it. Strange voices, a strange city, two men talking on a train, a man who recognized him first, a shabby room in a cheap hotel. Eddie wondered if he had done the right thing in coming back. Maybe you could never come back.

In the morning Eddie went out to the truck. Put by over the door. The house went suddenly into the fog and came suddenly out of it. A few of the old hands nodded at Eddie, and edged away to grab an arm and nod again. They looked at Eddie but none of them spoke to him until Eddie came over and said, "What d'you think of that one?"

They were watching a well-built boy trying to kill his side. He looked like succeeding.

"What do you want me to think?" Eddie asked Wendle.

"That's Grand, Eddie," the trainer said. "You'd make a good pair. I'd trust him just about as far as I'd trust you."

"He needs a strong hand," Eddie said.

"A strong hand would be better, in both cases," Wendle said. "Don't expect me to say I'm glad to see you back, Carl. You're worth to see you. Eddie watched them try to handle

the boy. When they had stopped trying, he left the track and took a drive to Valera place. He got off the train and walked down a street of old-fashioned houses.

Eddie had no need to count the numbers down the street. He knew Valera's house. The putting of two years had not changed it much. The walls were more in need of a fresh coat of paint than ever, the columns fronting the steps weathered, the garden was still weathered away, the garden was the same with single. Eddie was glad nothing had changed. Now he knew where he was heading.

The gate creaked. Eddie closed it and went up the steps to the veranda where a young sister lay asleep on the seat in front of the door. The door opened one eye, stretched the muscles of his near front leg, yawned, and brushed the stone floor with his tail. Eddie reached over him to feel the bell.

The door was opened by a young girl, who wore her left black hair in heavy braids over her shoulders. She was good to look at, and she had a fine warm smile. Eddie had been roughing the dog. Now he came back and faced the girl, wondering if she would remember him, how she would remember him.

"Eddie," she said. "Eddie Lambert. We have 'Welcome' written on our doormat, but Midge is always lying on it."

Eddie said, "Thanks, June." "Come in," Valera's daughter said. "Dad's in his usual haunt on the back veranda. You remember the way, don't you?"

"I know the way," he told her. "You've grown a lot, June. I hardly recognize you."

"Well, Eddie, you haven't changed a bit. Or have you?"

"You never know, June," Eddie said. He walked ahead of her through the hall and the parlor room to the rear porch out back of the house. There Valera sat relaxed in a deck chair, the old setter back at his feet. Beyond the porch was another tangle of garden. Two years had not changed anything, except maybe Eddie.

Valera took Eddie's hand and shook it, held it a moment and looked at the palm. "Glad to see you, Eddie."

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he said, releasing the book. "Pull up a chair and sit down." He watched Eddie bring the chair and settle in it. "Glad to see you've been working." Vidon went on. "I was afraid the lay-off might have made you just that much smarter than you used to be, and that was too smart, Eddie."

Eddie brought out tobacco and papers and started to roll a cigarette. Having something to do with his hands made him feel more at ease. "Yes, I've been working. Carl, up in Queensland Around house I've been a roustabout on petty near every station north of the line, breaking 'em in when they were apt to break in, the rest of the time doing anything that came my way. I've fit, as good as even, and right down to weight."

"Yes you look fit." Vidon said. "And how smart are you these days?"

Eddie let the question stay in the air a while. He finished making the cigarette and lit it, flaked the watch over the porch rail. "I pulled a lot of stuff, Carl. You know that. I was very smart. So they didn't waste about when they got me. They put me out for two years. Now I'm thirty-five, and for all the stuff I pulled, the back of my pants is still pretty thin. I know there won't be another chance."

"Check," said Vidon.

"Where's you got for me, Carl?"

"Well, I need you for Grand Eagle. Fredson, Eldon has him set for the mile at Henderson, but there's talk of hanging him. I still think all he needs is the right man on top."

Eddie nodded at Vidon. "That's a mild word, Carl. I was out withing them rule work this morning. But I think he can be handled. Kind of a hot chance for both of us."

"That's right," Vidon said. "Well, you see Bleeder in the morning. He hates your liver and lights for what you did in War Messers, but I think he'll give you a fair go. God help you if you pull my stuff on him."

"God help me," Eddie agreed with him. "Thanks, Carl."

Eddie saw Bleeder in the morning. They did not shake hands. The trainer put him up on Grand Eagle. "Make your own work," he told

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Eddie. "Then bring him around and we'll try him at the barrier."

They were working on the course proper that morning, running into a fresh wind that carried the smell of broken turf and a little of the sea. It was a good mixture. Eddie took the Eagle along quietly for the first two, under a tight rein.

When he gave some rein, the Eagle tried to bolt with it. Eddie used hands and knees to keep the pace as he wanted it. Then they went around the turn, and the Eagle ran off the course and Eddie fought him away from the fence into the straight.

"Now, Eagle," Eddie said, and gave him his head a little. They ran out a fast two before Eddie again surrounded the horse who was master.

They had no trouble with him at the barrier and Eddie said, "All right, so far. I'm keeping my fingers crossed for Saturday. Then he'll probably drop you and kick you clear over the running rail."

"Tidy," Eddie said. "You're keeping your fingers crossed, but as whose side? His or mine?"

Blonde, looking at the jockey, who had stripped Wer Nanawah, said, "I'll give you three guesses."

Saturday was a suburban meeting, with Grand Eagle and eleven others fighting it out over a mile. Not a day meeting or an important meeting, except to Eddie and Grand Eagle. Blonde kept his fingers crossed.

The Eagle won like a lamb in the wedding peacock. The parade over, they went out on to the track. This was a loose period for Eddie. Then someone down near the rails broke the tannan, shouting, "Dirty Eddie. Eddie the Dog." and the Eagle tried to bolt. Eddie held him. Now that it was broken, it was all right. He took the Eagle around the course to the stable, guided him behind them until the field was ready, and brought him in.

"Behave now. Don't make me have to get tough with you," Eddie told him. There were two players up on the course. Eagle had down number three. Eddie let him back out from the stall and walk around behind until the field was quiet again.

"Get him in, Lambert."

Eddie took him on slowly. Then the barrier rose and they ran.

Lyons fifth, Eddie found the Eagle wanting to home out. He moved him away from the rail, and let him work out through the spread field. They lay fourth at the first turn, where they dropped back a long way as Eddie fought to keep the Eagle on the course.

In the straight the field came back to them until they were crossing third, but was out. Eddie felt the power of the great driver, master and rider of the great driver, master and rider of the horse. It was like that. The people who first saw him and heard him and thought they were one had not been for wrong. But on the turn at the back of the course they were man and horse again, and this time there was no ground lost, no dropping back.

The Eagle moved up on the leaders. Eddie did not have to fight him around the home turn. Then, in the straight, Eddie said, "Now, Eagle." They ran out clear of the field. Eddie did could unclose his fingers. The judge did not need a photo to make the winner.

There were a few cheers as Eddie rode back to stable. The three horses stood in line. Person, in second place on Blue Riband, said, "Three canards, Eddie. Something good you've got under you. They had him down, but not any more, pal."

Blonde looked like the man who has heard a terror in the street and suspects it is concerned. There was no back. Blonde could go to for a cheque on Eddie. He had not come out to the track, but his daughter was there with Blonde.

"You never know," Jane Valer said, smiling at Eddie.

That was Saturday. Eddie knew on the Wednesday following. He was staying at a small hotel in the city. When he came back from riding work on the Wednesday morning, they were waiting for him in the hotel lobby. Stern and the jockey, Person.

Person and the third Stern, who said, "Well, Eddie. My old friend, Eddie. Long time no see."

"It might be better if we went upstairs," Person suggested. "This is no place to talk."

"Hey! I've barked my shin again"



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They went up to Eddie's room. Eddie sat on the only chair. Pease stood. Stein lay on the bed.

Stein looked around the room. There was not much of it to look around. He moved at the door. Eddie watched him. "All right," Eddie said. "It's no mate at the Australia. Let's get that settled and hear what you want."

"Want, Eddie? Me? Do I want anything?" he asked Pease. "No, that I know of," Pease answered him. "Unless that Packard of yours is out there, and you want a new one."

"No," Stein said. "The Packard is all right. No, I don't want anything. Ed. Unless it's to see an old friend of mine get on. Say, an old friend who had the bed breaks lately. I'd want to help anyone like that."

"Those two friends you've ever helped, Stein?" Eddie asked him.

"In fact, name two friends," Pease added, grinning.

Stein grinned with him. "You boys are certainly hard on me. Still that's the way it always is. Try to help blacks and they begin to suspect you, slip off at you. It's hard being a missionary."

Pease, the straight man, said, "That's funny. I always thought you were a Baptist," and Stein and Pease laughed at that together.

"Refuses from wandering," Eddie told them. "No wonder it's dead." The smiles did not leave their faces. Now they would come around to business.

"You, Eddie, it troubles me to find a friend of mine living in a place like this. Particularly such an old friend. And it makes me glad to be in a position to help you, Ed," Stein, the missionary.

"How much would this help run to?" Eddie asked him.

"Three thousand," Pease said quickly.

"Five thousand," Stein amended. "This is Eddie we're talking to. Our friend. Five grand for our friend."

"That's big money," Eddie said. "This is a big operation," Stein told him. "We're very keen to see Elmo Riband was that race on Saturday, probably were keen than the owner and the trainer and all his

other connections put together."

"Well, I'll have to think about it," Eddie said. "I can't promise anything. The Eagle is a hard one to hold back."

Stein rose from the bed and looked at Eddie. "You, I know that Ed. And if anyone can hold him, you can. I trust you, god!"

"Fair, we trust you," Pease added. "Five thousand will buy a nice little country but where you can relax and let your weight build up to a good sword figure. See you, Ed."

When they had gone, Ed lay down on the bed and closed his eyes. He felt one hundred and thirty-five years old, and very tired.

Closing his eyes was, maybe, a mistake, because when you haven't anything to look at you start seeing things that aren't there.

Ed started seeing things he'd seen before, that too many other people had seen; things he didn't want to see again. He saw War Manovich, that all the trouble had been about. War Manovich looked a long way away—Ed saw him through two years on every station in Queensland, through horses and men and girls and lonely roads and lonely nights.

There was a hall of a lot crowding between Ed and War Manovich—such a lot that the horns seemed very distant. You wouldn't think the others would remember that clearly. But they never forget.

It was funny that these boys had given him a clear view, they forgot. They had hurried from from you and forgotten that too. But they didn't forget War Manovich.

Ed remembered someone down near the rails breaking the tension by shouting "Dirty Eddie!" They shouted, "Eddie the Dog!" Well, it was easy to shout dirty names when you were in a crowd—easier than listening to them when you were brought high and everyone knew who you meant. There was a link between War Manovich and the shout—a link with Blanche's daughter June, too, she'd shaped, given, but hadn't forgotten. It might have been easier for June to forget, if everybody else had forgotten—as at least had pretended not to remember.

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Jane had changed for the better. What Jane remembered might even疼—she was at an age where she was growing out of things and growing into other things, but it was sheer hell that Steve remembered.

Steve was bound to remember—he hadn't said so, but it was Steve's memory that prompted his visit.

Eddie was crilled to meet the youth. Or was he? Men like Steve had to be careful who they approached with their propensities. You couldn't talk that way about five thousand to anybody you met on a street. But Steve felt he could talk to Eddie. If there'd been reason he could always have come back at Eddie. He could have said, "You didn't feel like that about War Maniac—Dirty Eddie!"

He could have, and Eddie could have had a fight on his hands then. But he hadn't said it, and Eddie had just sent him away. But he couldn't send away the third feeling he got carrying on many memories around. He lay remembering for quite a while.

Sense of the tiredness had worn off by three-thirty on the afternoon. Saturday Mornin' put Eddie up on Grand Eagle, while Victor and his daughter stood by and watched.

"You never know," Eddie said to Jane Victor. It was wearing thin, but that was the last time. After that, she would know.

The herd started playing. Eddie poured Grand Eagle and then they went out on in the track. There were shouts, but Eddie did not hear them. He let the Eagle run freely around to the stails, where the field would start. Parts of the race had already been run, in Eddie's mind. The rest was a matter of luck and judgment. He had the judgment.

Also some of the luck, since Grand Eagle had been drawn wide out. Blue Howard would start close to the rail. Between them were a lot of other chances. Eddie watched how many of these chances Steve had tried to square. But there were not many like Steve. Only Ponce and Dirty Eddie.

The Eagle stood quietly in his stall at the barrier. So quietly that he almost startled Eddie when he

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FOUNTAIN PENS

swayed and tried to shake the strands. Eddie brought him down, let him back out of the stall and walked him around. The stevedore moved across but did not interfere. The Eagle came back into the arena.

The barrow rose and the bell rang and the field moved out like a giant wave across the green turf. Then the wave broke, and out of it came two front runners, with Miss Riband and Grand Eagle lying third and fourth.

Muffled as distant thunder, the public address system reached their progress past the arena. "And now Legend has moved away from The Solist, with a length to Miss Riband, a length and a half to Grand Eagle, one coming up on the outside of Grand Eagle is Narcissa, followed by Dora, Mohamed, Lustrous, three lashed together close, three lengths further back is Collier, second last at this stage The Drummer, and the last is Slowly. Now, coming to the six . . ."

Coming to the six The Solist dropped away suddenly, leaving Legend, Miss Riband and Grand Eagle, with Narcissa boring in on him a little. Eddie drew in crochets only to let the five with the Eagle still in check. Mohamed came on the inside of him, Mohamed and the Eagle passing level. Pounce in front riding a crocheting race on Miss Riband Pounce and a lot of money flowing Miss Riband.

Legend still has a slight lead over Miss Riband as they come to the half-mile post, with Mohamed coming at these two on the inside, a length back Narcissa, and on the outside of him Grand Eagle.

And now, with the muffled thunder and the beat of hooves, comes the new record, graving. By excitement out of thirty thousand mouths, this sound was born. Eddie took the Eagle past Narcissa, and they chased Mohamed.

"With two furlongs to go, Legend is throng and now Miss Riband has a slight lead over him, half a length to Mohamed, closely followed by Grand Eagle, a length to Narcissa, Lustrous, Dora."

With the crowd now no leader than

the blood pounding in his ears, Eddie took the Eagle around the turn into the straight, past a dying Legend, level with Mohamed, the two of them sailing on Miss Riband.

"At the furlong there are three of these together, Grand Eagle, Miss Riband, Mohamed, with Narcissa a long way back fourth."

At the furlong Pounce drew his whip and slashed it back across Eddie's face, and Eddie took the Eagle out front and kept him there until they had crossed the line.

The crowd's roar faded. Eddie napped the fight of the Eagle and saved him and brought him back to work.

Eddie's bearded lips grinned at Pounce. A few green grins, and more to follow. Eddie knew them. He knew all about them. None of the things he knew about them were pretty.

They took Eddie down, and Mendoc was the first to shake his head. Then Victor shook it, and after Victor June. She did not say, "Now we know." She looked at the mark across Eddie's lips and said nothing. It was Mendoc who said, "You're all right, Eddie."

It had been a good race, and now it was over. There were other races. When these were also over, it was time to go home. They went to Victor's place to celebrate the win. Then Eddie was tired enough to welcome June's offer to drive him into the city.

The ride had not tired Eddie. There are many ways a man can be tired. Outside the hotel June said, "Thanks, Eddie. Dad's getting old. Winning today gives a lot to him." "Goodnight, June," Eddie said to her.

Looking up at the front of the building he could see the light on in his room.

Winning the race had meant a lot to Eddie, too. It had wiped out a few of the debts he had owed to the post. It had cost him the best part of five thousand.

He turned away from Victor's side, and went through the doors to the lobby, and up the stairs to his room, where he guessed he would find out

how much more the war would cost him.

After all, this was no life-or-death struggle between Alaska, it was an agreement a man was supposed to honor, and the struggle within Eddie's head was not likely to be of interest to Steen. It was perhaps, a spiritual struggle yet or I might think of it as such, Steen wouldn't know the meaning of the word.

But Eddie had that on his own. He had struck a bargain, and he had reaped it in his hand—a democratic privilege that Vider and his girl would never know about that Steen just wouldn't understand.

Steen was not a good loser.

There were three of them in his room. They were bar men. They did not look the right kind of bar men.

Two were on the bed and one on the chair in Eddie's room. He went in and closed the door behind him. This was it.

"Hello," one of the two on the bed told him. "We've three other rows. Sit down and relax." He got up and went to the window. The one on the chair was also watching out the window.

Eddie sat on the bed. The third man said, "Bleskie start on. He also said word to Steen to lay off you,

but maybe Steen will disagree that."

"Bleskie?" Eddie said.

"He heard about Steen trying to fix. You didn't let Bleskie and Vider down, so they aren't letting you down, either."

Eddie said nothing. Two years back he had runned War Mosca's, owned by Vider, turned by Bleskie. They had given him another chance, and today he had played the game straight all the way.

Beside the five grand, he had expected the war to cost him a lesson at the hands of Steen and his friends. Now it did not look that way.

The men standing at the window said, "Here they come. That's Steen's car just pulled in across the street." "How many?" the one on the bed asked him.

"Looks like Steen and two."

"Good enough," the man on the chair said. "I guess we'll go down and meet them."

Eddie said, "Thanks. I wish I was big enough to handle this myself."

"Then you'd be too big to look them home, Eddie. You just manage that part of it, and we'll manage this."

They went out of the room and the door Eddie had felt went with them. He was really past the past, now.

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Talking Points

● **COVER** It's the "Lady from Shanghai" herself—and that, to our discerning readers, means lovely Rita Hayworth. Greta recently at among Hollywood's five most glamorous, but various rumors were stacked up against Venus de Milo. Rita—5 feet 5 in. tall, bust 35, waist 26, hips 35. Venus—5 feet 4 in. tall, bust 34½, waist 24½, hips 34.

● **BETTER?** You'll find the odd surprise in this issue of CAVALCADE. Last issue, with the new type, you had more reading time in your copies. Now you have more features. Eight extra photographic pages with new, exclusive photo-stories, and two more full-colour plates to accommodate further interest and variety. Like that? Well, we rather thought you would...

● **MILLS** Devine Mills is an ex-soldier who owns public houses courts and makes his expenses out of them. But his real life is authorship, and his stories have rapidly won him a reputation. "Hunger for Death—Dear," that issue, will give you an idea why. Hardly less famous than to factual writing, but research he did for historical stories put some thoughts in his way—hence "Mighty Moppets", this issue.

Not often do fact and fiction from the same pen appear cheek by jowl. We offer you both from Mills as a matter of interest.

● **FUR** Not always softness or resistance is fur. Sure the mark is a

little animal, but it's not something the mouse hunt. It's a good job for Herbert Aspinwall he didn't have a lady with him when he struck the "furred inventor" in the Malles country.

● **DOLLARS** CAVALCADE goes places. A copy we know of reached the U.S.A., and the lucky guy who got it was so impressed by the brilliant plan that he wrote back. He wrote more daps on it from W. Watson Shoop, so that he can build an Australian house on his range. He'll pay in dollars, too.

● **SICK ON HILLY?** It's an old question. Ever since ancient times mortal illness has inspired fear and distrust in people. Why some people know better, but very few could answer the question dealt with by Katherine Probert in this issue.

It is a thoughtful and thought-provoking study with the widest application—and one that should alloy many sensitive fears.

● **SKRIP STORY:** "The Bishop's Wife" is a fine film which adds to the pleasing variety of CAVALCADE's fine film story stories. These are becoming increasingly popular, according to readers. CAVALCADE is pleased to tell that in the next issue the famous "Miracle of the Bell" will be the story story, presenting at one time an illustrated condensation of a famous book and a preview of a particularly good film.



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